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NOTES.

The hand of the Muscovite is plainly visible in the insolent manner—subsequently somewhat modified—in which the Chinese Government gave answer to the demands of Italy for the recognition of an Italian sphere of influence. The wisdom of directly insulting the Italian representative at Peking by returning his dispatch may be questioned, for it has undoubtedly given Italy an excuse for enforcing her demands by way of retaliation; but it is obvious that the Chinese would not have acted in this high-handed manner, unless backed up and encouraged by the Power which to them justly represents physical predominance in the Far East. One cannot avoid the conclusion that Russia has purposely instigated the Chinese Government to adopt a course which must inevitably lead to hostile acts, and that she intends to draw profit from the embarrassments which she has helped to create.

We pointed out last week that British policy is concerned with two main issues in the Far East: the interference of Russia with the security pledged to British investors in the Northern Railway loan, and the impending partition of the Chinese Empire. We are glad to see that what might be called the Government's hesitating firmness towards Russia at Peking has prevailed. The past has taught us that Muscovite opposition is apt to vanish when confronted with resolution; but it would in any case be a grievous error to purchase momentary tranquillity at the expense of British prestige, and the legitimate protection of British interests. The time has arrived to demonstrate to the Chinese Government that England is capable of upholding her rights. When once the Peking authorities have been convinced of the fact, there will result an enormous increase of British influence at the capital. The recognition of the Yang-tse Valley as the British sphere, and the guaranteeing of the integrity of a considerable proportion of the Chinese Empire, will then become objects capable of easy attainment.

"When the trees bud" is now the accepted time for revolutions and rumours of revolution, but the Sick Man's self-constituted heirs-apparent seem constrained to postpone their menace of Macedonia to a more inconvenient season. It is not that the spill of Greece has been duly taken to heart as an object-lesson. Indeed the salving of burnt fingers by the Cretan settlement must distil any precepts which should have been

enforced. But the whole Balkan peninsula is now as unready as it is unready. Prince Ferdinand is statesman enough to know how to wait. With his very proper theories of government, he will never discount his reversion to the throne of Constantine by heeding the intempestive calls of revolutionary societies to "come over into Macedonia." Moreover, the loss of his faithful Stoilov, and the growing difficulties of postponing his Faust's reckoning with Russia, leave his hands overfull at home. The German King of Roumania is bounded by his remoteness and the apathy of his subjects. Alone the professional gambler, who now holds the hand of Servia, may threaten to provoke a misdeal.

King Milan is now perilously near the end of his resources, and if he espy a prospect of fresh fish in the troubled waters of Old Servia, he may cast his lines there and hasten his submersion. But he is not a serious factor for good or ill, and the man who ran from Slivnitsa may not affright the burghers of Uskub by the terror of his military exploits. The amusing snubs wherewith the Russian Minister has been making him a laughing-stock are as eloquent a proof as any of King Milan's impotency. The key to Macedonia is neither at Belgrade nor at Sofia, nor even at Vienna, but at St. Petersburg. Though Austria is now a Balkan State, she has neither the vigour nor the subtlety of the Russian. Those who dread the budding of trees in Macedonia may find reassurance, not in peace rescripts or any other variety of bluff, but in the fact that the temporary policy of Russia is to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The Spanish Cabinet crisis was bound to come, and Alfonsists may plume themselves upon the fact that Premier Stork is less grossly incapable and discredited than Premier Log. The new Ministry starts with a comparatively clean record, and that is something. But all admirers of the ancient glories of Spain must feel that they have a right to ask for more. Whether this is to be had from Carlism, time alone can show. At present it is enough that the Duke of Madrid proffers the most tempting programme. Whatever may be thought of his rights or of his principles, at least he offers a strong government, and that, after all, is the first, most pressing need of the country. Before stability, prosperity or even national honour may be thought of, the whole incubus of selfish officialism and wholesale speculation must be swept away. If the present regimen be strong enough to accomplish this, every friend of order must applaud, but until some sign

shall have been given, there can be little temptation to hope, and none to confide.

In any case, without some revolution, Spain must henceforward be relegated to the small fry among nations. Don Carlos has, however, proposed a policy which might revive something of her old Empire on federal lines. The soreness over the loss of her subjects in South America has now been healed by time, and feelings of fraternity are heartily reciprocated. Spaniards on both sides of the Atlantic applaud the same bull-fighters and the same pelota-players; they are actuated by the same instincts; they possess a far closer "union of hearts" than that which unites us, even in our present stage of gush, with the doubtful Anglo-Saxondom of the States. The South American republics have proved a sufficient failure as a political experiment to warrant a strong man itching to weld them into one mighty realm, which would not look by any means small beside the commercial republic of the North. It is now an article of the Carlist programme to call into being an hegemony of United Spanish-speaking States with the old country as predominant partner; and the scheme is not absolutely visionary, for it is obviously to the interest of all parties. There are even hopes that Portugal, now on the verge of crumbling, and perhaps not altogether disinclined to sell her colonies, if not herself, to the highest bidder, might be induced to conform. If Spain could thus demonstrate that she has profited by the lessons of the war, there would assuredly be no reason to despair of her future, and disaster might once more prove salvation.

In connexion with the Muscat incident it may be noted that for many months past the Indian papers have been exercised at the secret working of Russia in the Persian Gulf. Activity on the part of Russian advance-agents is always the forerunner of some trouble which can be made to assume inconvenient proportions if the occasion arises. It was prophesied that opposition to Russia at Peking would be answered by a counter-move in the Persian Gulf or on the Afghan frontier. Accordingly we have the Merv railway pushed on in haste to Khusk in Afghan territory, and the agent of the European ally of the Tsar seeking a strategic basis in Oman. The voice is French but the hand, it is hinted, is the hand of Russia.

One Poland does not seem to be enough for Russia, she is now in a fair way to create another by attempting to Russianise the Grand Duchy of Finland which, according to its fundamental laws, is, or was, a personal appanage of the Russian, as formerly Hanover was of the English Crown. But little by little all has changed. The Panslavists flushed by the success of their dragonnades in the Baltic Provinces, where they had only a minority to deal with, have long been casting covetous eyes on this free country whose inhabitants they long to convert into Russian patriots and Greek Churchmen. They started by Russianising the posts and telegraphs, by making the Russian word of command obligatory in the Finnish army, and by requiring a knowledge of Russian from Government officials.

As long as the late Tsar lived the Finnish people were safe. He knew he was never more secure from the Nihilists than when he was among the loyal population of the Grand Duchy, and now by a sort of irony or pretence of cutting the ground from under the feet of the Nihilists, who point at a free Finland and ask why there cannot be a free Russia, Finland is to be deprived of her liberty. The Diet has been abolished, and the rest is a mere matter of time. Unfortunately Finland has all to lose by absorption; economically, because her currency is not a depreciated one like the Russian. Again her railways have been largely built by loans payable abroad in gold. The introduction of the Russian currency will go far to cripple her, just as the need of finding a large amount of gold for England hampers India. From a Customs point of view the change is still more fatal. The Finlander is a sober mortal. His staple drink is coffee and tea, but the Russian duties on these are so high that he will necessarily be driven to "Vodka." Verily in Finland this "peace-loving Tsar" "*solitudinem facit, pacem appellat*."

A rumour is current in India that a section of the Government favours the establishment at Lundi Kotal of an ordinary cantonment garrisoned by regular troops. Coupled with this is the statement that a large sum—put at twelve lakhs—is to be spent in the Khyber. Lundi Kotal is on the north-west or Kabul side of the Khyber and has hitherto been held by tribal levies. Since the Tirah campaign it has been temporarily occupied by regular troops including artillery. The place is unhealthy and the water supply very defective. Such an advance would be a very serious step. It would excite the Amir's apprehensions—which might be disregarded. It would lock up a considerable force and eventually necessitate an addition to the standing army. It would involve annual movements for victualling and relieving the troops. All this means heavy fresh charges of a permanent nature.

Ill-directed enthusiasm, especially in the effort to apply public funds to private uses, was the note of the American Congress which came to an end on Saturday. The Congress will be judged, however, and probably judged severely, by the future historian, for its manner of promoting war. For there would, most certainly, never have been any war with Spain unless Congress had intervened ruthlessly, and induced President McKinley to abdicate his position of peacemaker. No doubt the President might have withstood the importunity of his party bosses if he had been a strong man. This he is not, however, as he has shown by every turn in his presidential career. Whenever he has come to a point at which an important decision was required he has either shirked it or cast the responsibility upon Congress.

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was expressing at Hull the sentiments and the intentions of the Liberal party, the Tories need fear nothing in the future, almost the far future, but their own defects. But it is difficult to know precisely what Sir Henry does represent. Put in to keep up appearances, while his party is settling on a real leader, he has just to cover the situation; so that all he says may be merely temporary. It is hard to believe that this antiquated Liberal can really stand for the Radical party. Sir Henry seems to be absolutely impervious to the political forces at work around him. He thinks Home Rule has all the old fascination for the Irish people and still holds the attention of all the world. He thinks representative government is still the people's palladium it was in the reign of the Liberal saints. He imagines it is political changes the working classes are thinking about. He has learnt nothing since he entered Parliament thirty years ago.

The little he had to say on the social questions which more and more closely occupy those who live in their own day, only exposes more plainly Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's sterility. Correctly coached to say that overcrowding is the great social evil, he had not a suggestion to offer, but hurried on to point out difficulties attending the problem of Old Age Pensions, which everyone knew before; everyone at least, who had thought of the question as something other than matter for a party speech. The Liberal leader cares for none of these things, he is in earnest only about pulling down the House of Lords and sneering cheaply at Church schools. Surely he must have prompted his chairman to give him as text the ancient shibboleth of middle-class Liberalism.

What we want to know is, does this represent the Liberal party? If so, it is a very retrograde movement; good indeed for Tories, but unhappy for their opponents. We cannot be expected to grieve very deeply if Liberals choose to take a suicidal course. But unfortunately they cannot indulge this particular method of suicide without hurting the country as well as themselves. There are numbers of social reforms crying for attention and if the Radicals are going to allow all their energies to be diverted to setting up Home Rule in Ireland and pulling down the Lords, one of the forces which might help forward social legislation, party competition—which often means party co-operation—will be gone. Are those Liberals, who have been working conscientiously at dangerous trades,

at public health, at hours and conditions of labour, going to let a stop-gap leader drag them back into deserted paths, that lead nowhere?

There is more to be said for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's views on the Soudan policy and Imperial expansion generally. We do not agree with him, and the English people as a whole do not agree with him, but the aspect of the subject he presents is a serious one, and weight might be given to his views, if weight can be given to any man's views who speaks one way and votes another. Then as to national expenditure, the picture drawn by Sir Henry is, not as bright as it is true; but there too he had nothing to offer in relief. He could do nothing with the problem, but extract from it one or two not very telling party scores.

Any taxpayer who is disposed to groan under the increasing burden of the Navy Estimates, may learn from Mr. Goschen's speech on Thursday that the Government has hardly a choice in the matter. If other Powers go on piling up expenditure on fleets—a menace to Britain first and especially British commerce—how can we afford to halt in preparing to meet any possible combination? The United States, it must be remembered, are now entering, or think of entering, the ring of naval Powers. At the same time if the others are agreeable England, as the First Lord says, will not bar the way to the Tsar's fair-seeming proposals.

The sum-total of the London Chamber of Commerce report seems to be, that bribery and corruption are rampant in every department of business and professional life. Even the bribery and corruption of the old electoral system was neither so extensive, nor so seriously immoral. A good deal has been done by criminal legislation to purify that system. Can we attack business dishonesty of this kind in a similar manner, and with equal success? A surprising amount of honesty is due to the criminal law; and it is not many people who should throw stones at those who do wrong "with a pang of conscience" in order to be even with their rivals. We can strengthen our aggregate conscience in the usual way—by criminal legislation: and secure at least better action, if not a higher moral sense. Whatever difficulties Lord Russell and Sir Edward Fry may meet with, it is not enough to exhort the commercial and professional authorities to preach abstract morality. There must be a power of punishing dishonest trade practices, such as existed in the old trades guilds.

The dispute in the building trade has been carried on so far rather perfunctorily. Neither masters nor men seem quite sure of their ground, and it is not very difficult to see why. Upon the disputable points the men are not getting their usual backing from Trades-Unionist quarters, and the utmost censure upon the masters is that they ought to have accepted a proposal for a conference; and now this seems likely to be arranged. On the other hand, though the masters have a good case upon the patent facts, they are handicapped by reticence upon certain matters about which they would probably be wiser to express themselves. In this particular dispute it is not Trade-Unionism, properly so called, that the masters are covertly fighting. The men of the Unions know this and, as a Trade-Unionist leader has said, though they come out without a murmur there is silent discontent. The best of them feel they ought not to be thrown into the gutter by a handful of men who use the plasterers' organisation for political ends.

The Progressives on the London County Council will have some trouble next Tuesday in finding a good man to fill the post of chairman. Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Carrington have refused the offer; which will surprise no one. The chairmanship of the greatest of municipal councils has been degraded into a reward for wire-pulling: so that it is only wire-pullers who care to have it. Other and better men may possibly be persuaded to serve, but with difficulty; the wire-pullers will see to that.

The London School Board may be congratulated on its recognition, tardy though it is, of the claims of the assistant mistresses, whose salaries are to be increased at a rate practically proportionate with the masters. In our view there is no reason why the payment of the mistresses should not be absolutely uniform with that of the masters; still the Board's decision is satisfactory as far as it goes. This reform originated with the Church group, the Progressives ultimately falling in line. The Diggletes, not seeing that any electioneering advantage could be gained by doing anything for women who had not votes, held aloof.

The Musketry Inspector's report shows that a training, spread over a larger portion of the year than at present, is required, and, although fire discipline is good, the fact that fire-unit commanders have not yet acquired the art of being brief without becoming obscure emphasizes the necessity. It is true that there is monthly musketry, but that has not enough realism about it. It is not an uncommon thing to find that regimental musketry staffs are not up to date. The latter should therefore be called upon to requalify after a certain number of years, so as to keep them in touch with Hythe. As it is, although much has there been done to introduce a rational instead of a parrot-like system of instruction, good results are often largely negated by regimental instructors being behind the times. This is the reason why the letter-perfect N.C.O.'s, to whom the report alludes, do not more satisfactorily demonstrate what they teach. Probably they have never themselves been taught to do so.

Mr. Gerald Balfour is laying up trouble for himself and his successors by shutting his eyes too much to the truth of the so-called "ritualist" riots in Belfast. A rector is charged with being a "papist in disguise" because he intones the service and uses Hymns Ancient and Modern. Accordingly his church is invaded at every service by a disorderly mob who whistle, shout, stamp their feet, cry "popery" and "we won't have it" and express their desire "to tear the heart out of the old papist." Outside the rector is hustled and pelted with stones, and his windows are broken. This has been going on, as we have said, for months, but when Mr. Balfour's attention is called to it in the House of Commons he is in the habit of remarking that he is "aware of the facts stated." It is true he permits action in cases where witnesses are assaulted.

If anyone could have taken a bird's-eye view of rural England at about seven o'clock on Monday evening, an interesting spectacle would have been revealed to him. Our villagers were engaged at that hour in putting into operation that "great charter of rural liberty," the Parish Councils Act. In other words, they were electing their parish councillors for the coming year. If our observer had heard of the wonders which were to be worked by these institutions, of the desire of the villages for councils, and their supposed joy and gratitude to the Liberal party when they received them, he would look, naturally, for great excitement and enthusiasm upon such an occasion. But he would have looked in vain. Did ever an institution, flourished into existence with such big words, fall into contempt within so short a time as has the Parish Council? There is the greatest difficulty in getting attendance at the election meetings, or persuading candidates to come forward. The councils, when they are elected, in many cases hold their one statutory meeting to elect a chairman, and never meet again during their period of office.

Several journals have taken up the campaign very properly started in "The Builder" against the engineers' designs for a new bridge at Vauxhall, and a numerous signed protest has been published. The design is not only a lamentable affair in line, proportion, and detail, but also employs that most detestable of materials, polished granite. Granite is only tolerable in rough unpolished blocks, as Mr. Shaw has used it for the lower story of Scotland Yard, with a charming effect of grey against the red of the superstructure. The worst of it is that when the engineers' designs shall have

been rejected, we may fare worse with the architects. Heaven send us a Pontifex!

Meantime we are glad to see that the daily press is supporting our protest against the destruction of old Kew Bridge; a more vital matter. Whether the new Vauxhall Bridge is to be very bad or pretty good is unimportant compared with the fate of the loveliest bridge near London. The new tramway and traffic bridge should be constructed lower down (it ought to be low enough to save the incomparable view of the whole Strand-on-the-Green reach). We hope all newspapers and powers more important than newspapers will unite in making an effective protest before it is too late. The "Daily News" well points out that the cost of cutting new approaches would probably be balanced by the saving of the temporary bridge.

This is a Rembrandt year, and the National Gallery is richer for two fine examples of the later work of the master. Secured from an English collection after prolonged negotiations, they are at last safely hung in the gallery, one each side of the great Vandyck. The woman is the finer of the two portraits, recalling Lord Wantage's portrait (No. 15) at the Academy. But both are of a kind not represented hitherto at the National Gallery, and their purchase does something to balance the Director's blunders in other directions. It is odd, by the way, how scanty a show we have of Vandyck's work.

The sports having now been decided at both Universities, a perusal of their results enables one to forecast what may happen at Queen's Club, 24 March, when the programme will contain ten instead of the usual nine events, owing to the inclusion of a half-mile race. A careful analysis of the home meetings seems to point to a "tie" of five events to Oxford and five events to Cambridge, unless Fortune—as is her wont—allows to Cambridge on land the luck which is denied to her on water. Cambridge look like winning the three miles with Workman and the mile with Hunter, who should have won last year. The half-mile is open: the quarter should prove a well-balanced match between Davison of Cambridge and Hollins of Oxford, the chances being slightly in favour of the latter. Oxford should also win the 100 yards and hurdles, as also the high jump. The long jump is doubtful.

The Cambridge crew have made considerable progress during the last few days. Although they have not quite the uniformity of Oxford, their work is better and their swing longer. It is early yet to prophesy as to their chances of success, but there can be no doubt that they row in better style and are faster than any Cambridge crew since 1890. The most conspicuous faults at present are that neither Saunderson (6) nor Payne (4) rows the stroke right home with the others. If these two men learn to "finish out" long and hard, it will make a great difference to the pace of the boat. On Thursday they rowed the full course on the flood in 19 min. 56 sec. The conditions were not favourable for a fast time, and their performance was on the whole a very creditable one. If they continue to improve at the present rate it will take a very fast crew to beat them on the 25th.

Everyone, possibly even members of the Church Association, will congratulate the Pope on convalescence. By the way, there exists a prophecy old but little known which purported, and still purports, to foretell the characteristics of future Popes. St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh in 1172, is the reputed author. But it is thought to be a forgery perpetrated by the partisans of Cardinal Simoncelli in 1590, to influence the Conclave in electing Urban VII.'s successor. The latter's motto in the prophecy was "De urbe antiquitatis;" and, as Simoncelli came from Orvieto, "Urbs vetus," it was put forward as indicating him. Pius IX. is "Crux de cruce," Leo XIII. "Lumen in celo," and his successor "Ignis ardens." The latter, according to the prophecy, has only eight successors, the last of whom is "De gloria olivæ."

THE MUSCAT MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE quarrelsome man usually pays the penalty of his temper. He is avoided socially; he never gets on in business; and he subsides into a friendless and unsuccessful old age. Unfortunately, the same temperament let loose in an editorial room, and ranging at large in the columns of a daily newspaper, pays no penalty, and is sometimes rewarded by pence and praise, though it may egg two nations on to war. In a leading article on the Muscat incident last Wednesday the "Times" accused M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, of "telling on Monday a transparently misleading story," which he must have known "would be exposed on Tuesday;" and of "trying to throw dust in the eyes of the French public by shuffling between the original demand made by the French agent which has been cancelled, and the actual demand of the French Government to which we do not object." Thus we have a journal, which the majority of Frenchmen believe to be inspired by the British Government, and which they regard as the peculiar spokesman of the British nation, telling the Foreign Minister of France in the coarsest terms that he is a liar and a shuffler. On this side of the Channel of course we know that the "Times" has no more direct communication with our Government than the other big dailies, perhaps rather less than some. We cannot help asking ourselves, what sort of Britons, and what kind of mind, do the above methods of controversy represent? In the disputes of private life the typical Briton is reserved, and does not readily unpack his heart in words. We refuse to believe that any considerable section of our countrymen approve of brutal and provocative language in the conduct of a diplomatic dispute with a friendly neighbour, or of insolent imputations upon the good faith of a statesman, who holds in France a position equivalent to that of Lord Salisbury in this country. The misfortune is that the bulk of Frenchmen cannot know how very different are the feelings of society and the man in the street towards their country, from those of the hectoring editors.

What are the facts of this mere misunderstanding about Muscat? They were stated with perfect clearness by Mr. Brodrick. Exactly a year ago the French Agent at Muscat obtained from the Sultan, for use as a coal dépôt, the lease or concession of a piece of land in a small harbour some way from Muscat. The terms of the lease were such that the French Government might have fortified the harbour and hoisted its flag. That such a concession was contrary to the Treaty of 1862, by which France and Great Britain bound themselves to respect the independence of Muscat, and incompatible with the special undertaking of the Sultan to ourselves not to alienate any portion of his territory to another Power, is not denied by anybody. But the French Agent, having obtained what he rightly considered as a pearl of a concession, thought it prudent to practise concealment, even towards his own Government, for the time being. What a clever man he would be, and what would not be his reward, if he should get behind the treaty and the British Government, and secure for France a fortified coaling-station on the Persian Gulf! It was what the Americans call "real smart;" but happily the secret could not be kept. In November last Sir Edmund Monson was told to inquire at the Quai D'Orsay whether the rumours as to the acquisition by France of land on the littoral of Muscat were true. M. Delcassé declared that he had heard nothing whatever about it, an assurance which he repeated so recently as a week ago. It would be interesting to know what information prompted these inquiries in November, as Mr. Brodrick told us that the British Agent at Muscat heard nothing about the lease till the present year. As soon as he got wind of the affair, he of course communicated with the Indian Government, who communicated with Downing Street, whence orders were issued for the cancellation of the illegal lease. The British Agent at Muscat was not aware—how could he be?—that the French Government were ignorant of the terms of the lease; had he been, he would no doubt have endeavoured through the Indian Government to obtain from M. Delcassé a repudiation of the lease. Placed as he was, he could only carry out his orders to procure the annul-

ment of the concession by sending for the British Admiral. Lord Salisbury, who is polite and naturally pacific, expressed his "profound regret," not that the British Agent had sent for the British Admiral, but that the action of the French Agent had compelled him to do so.

Now that is really all that occurred. The French Agent at Muscat was over-zealous, and thought he had succeeded in "sneaking" a *place d'armes* in a useful situation. Had he been a British Agent, we should have lauded him to the skies, and made him a K.C.M.G. on the first opportunity. As it is, we have been obliged to say "check" to him from the deck of a flagship. All praise to the British Agent, the British Admiral, and the Indian Government, for the promptitude with which they nipped this gentleman's diplomacy in the bud. But there is nothing in the facts to warrant the vulgarly expressed insinuations that the French Government in Paris were privy to this attempt to violate the Treaty of 1862, or ever wished to get more than they have got, namely, an actual *dépôt* for coal on the same terms as ourselves.

We cannot part from this incident, which is happily closed, without adding a word about M. Étienne's speech on French colonial policy. We do not wish to crow, but we are more successful colonists than the French, as they admit. The reason was very tersely given by M. Delcassé in an interjection; "Wishing the end, we study the means." The French desire the end: but they will not study the means. There is no particular secret about successful colonisation: we have no patent for making our colonies pay. If the colony is a white one, the best thing is to give it self-government as soon as possible. If it is a black or tropical colony, the parent State must construct railways, and form a colonial army out of the natives. The policy of railway-building and army-making requires capital and the presence of a large body of European engineers and officers. The capital for her colonies France would find readily enough. The trouble is she cannot find a sufficient number of the best Frenchmen who are willing to face exile under a tropical sun for the sake of empire-building. Consider the number of first-rate engineers, officers, and administrators, we spend on Africa and India. But then Britons love empire-building, as a trade; and we rather doubt whether Frenchmen do. Most Frenchmen are too fond of France, as a place of residence, to make the sacrifices necessary for the administration of a colonial empire.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

IT must be allowed by everybody that Mr. Wyndham acquitted himself well on the Army Estimates last week, but it was a bad brief to which he had to speak. The policy he had to foreshadow lacked breadth; it may even be described as a policy of shifts and expedients. By one shift or another an army may be produced every spring, but year by year the manipulation becomes more intricate, the rules and regulations are more and more modified or strained, and the net results remain much the same. We take from one pocket and put into another, and drop so much in the process that while more is given by the taxpayer, his actual profits are not increased. The Regular army, the Militia, and the Reserve are the forces from which we could draw in a great war (short of invasion). On 1 January, 1895, the total strength of these was 408,000 men, while on the same date this year we had only 24 men more, but 12,000 men less at home. The Reserve has been robbed to pay the dues of the Regular army, and this is not the only instance in which the top of the blanket has been cut off to add to its length at the foot. Yet the estimates for the home and Indian army amount to £38,000,000, and next year, if we include the forces under the Colonial and Foreign Offices, they will amount to £4,000,000 more. Small wonder that many feel dissatisfaction, and are disappointed that a system which yields so little and asks for so much should continue to be tinkered at and bolstered up. The recruiting returns are to some extent a matter for congratulation. But 4,488 men were transferred from the Reserve to the colours, and go to swell the total of recruits, while

whereas in 1895, 19·9 per cent. of our recruits were specials, this year the percentage amounts to close on 33. Now a "special" after a year's service and courses of gymnastic training may in many cases very likely develop into a good soldier, but his services are not properly speaking available until he does so, and when we consider that such "specials" weighed about 9½ st., and were under 5 feet 2½ inches in height, and that during the process of development many disappeared, we can scarcely view their acquisition with triumph in our hearts. Originally of inferior physique they succumb easily to disease, and not a few, unequal to the duties of a soldier, desert in disgust.

The difficulty as to recruits is with us still, and, it may be added, always will be with us until the conditions of service are altered in an altogether drastic fashion. It was with reference to the cavalry, however, that the most remarkable of the shifts was brought to light. It is a perfectly well-known fact that certain regiments attract more recruits than others. Those who deride fine feathers and *esprit de corps* will do well to note how much a little attention spent on the former and a fostering of the latter will prove commercially remunerative when it comes to finding men. The lancer regiments and the light cavalry generally are more popular than the less picturesque dragoons, while the memories of Dargai and Omdurman bring grist to certain mills in plenty. A "corps" according to the Army Act used to mean a regiment of cavalry. Of course it also in a tactical sense may mean as much as a corps d'armée, but of late the meaning of the word in the legal sense has been stretched to include the whole of a particular type of cavalry, hussars, lancers, or dragoons. Mr. Arnold-Forster will have the sympathy of the British soldier when he exposed the snare which has here been laid for the unwary. So petty a device is not only unworthy, but is prejudicial to the cause which it is meant to serve. Every yokel deceived by it, and dissatisfied with the way he has been treated lets his tongue run riot in the public-house. His letters home when matters are not going well with him are full of abuse of the system under which he has been made to serve. He becomes "a man with a grievance." His relatives and friends are advised to leave soldiering alone, and for one recruit thus gained perhaps twenty are lost. As regards our infantry the old statements as to the youth, and inefficiency for service of many who wear the Queen's uniform and go to swell numbers were again brought forward in the House, and the return by which the exact state of things might be revealed was asked for and was not forthcoming. Reasons of State were adduced to account for the refusal, and there is some ground perhaps in the official contention. But if our battalions were in a really satisfactory condition should we still be afraid of letting the foreigner know it? In any case he probably does know all he wants to, for in this country we have never taken pains to hide our military secrets, and we could not altogether hide this particular one as long as we possess parliamentary institutions and freedom of debate. Another shift eminently characteristic of our system was exposed when the policy of linking Bombay Grenadiers and Canadians together and calling them a Leinster regiment was discussed. We have got a territorial system. For it we want a Leinster regiment; therefore we destroy the traditions of two fine regiments from opposite quarters of the globe and compel them to adopt the Irish nationality. "Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores" should be made the motto of a regiment whose conception is so racy of the soil of its official fatherland. The exposure of devices such as are here referred to occupied much time and thus debate circled round comparatively minor details, while broad principles of administration, being left out of sight in the estimates, were but briefly referred to in the discussion.

Mr. Arnold-Forster touched a higher note however when he asserted that short service had practically been thrown overboard. Any man, who is worth keeping, can now stay on with the colours after his period of limited engagement is over. The difficulty which has been found in many cases was to get the private to do so. But deferred pay—the bribe which we gave him to leave the colours—has been abolished, and it is probable

that more will for the future elect to remain. Some, such as Mr. Arnold-Forster, show an unfeigned satisfaction at the changed conditions. If however the regulars are to be benefited at the expense of the reserve the transaction is merely one other example of that robbing Peter to pay Paul which is so constantly found lurking somewhere in our schemes for army reorganisation. We frankly confess that more heroic measures are necessary, if we are to have a force numerically and physically efficient to meet the necessities of our Empire. The whole question hinges on our being able to find a sufficient number of physically capable recruits every year at a price not in the aggregate greater than what we now pay. This problem not only remains to be solved, but has not yet entered on the initiatory stage which is represented by discussion in the House of Commons. But while the greater problem is simmering, we have no excuse for not giving so practical a question as armament our best attention. In the Estimates it is stated that we have at length all but achieved success as regards our Field Artillery, and that 18 batteries per army corps will be forthcoming. But 20, not 18, batteries per army corps is what a modern army needs, and what France and Germany possess. We cannot say that our guns or our ammunition are better than those on the Continent. In fact at present it is admitted that we have fallen behind our neighbours as regards matériel; why then do we deliberately legislate so that our regular infantry shall be supported by a smaller proportion of artillery than their potential foes? All authorities recognise that artillery fire will be the determining factor in the modern fight. The Dervishes at Omdurman were mowed down in the earlier phase of the battle by shrapnel bullets, before musketry began to make itself seriously felt, and our neighbours have laid the lesson to heart. The new German Army Bill provides for an increase in October of this year of 26,576 non-commissioned officers and men, of whom a large proportion is to be artillery. The War Minister in introducing his bill in the Reichstag stated that the increase was necessary because in artillery "you could not trust to improvisations at the eleventh hour." More guns and more howitzers are therefore to be added to the army corps already more richly endowed in these respects than our own, while our batteries must look forward to going into action with omnibus horses untrained, and handled by strange men to move and manœuvre with the guns to which they belong. The old tale that our Volunteers will be practically unaccompanied by any field guns worthy of the name has so often been repeated that we will not add to the darkness of the picture by dwelling upon it.

It would however be unjust to deny that progress in many directions has been made, and that our army is undoubtedly better trained for war than it was. It is satisfactory to know that a real attempt is at last to be made to locate troops, under the leaders who would command them in war, in such a manner as to afford them greater facilities for taking part in divisional and brigade exercises—a system for which we have recently and on more than one occasion strongly contended. At the same time we are spending a great deal more upon the Army, and we have fewer guns and fewer horses now than we had twenty years ago. Guns cannot be made nor can horses be trained in a week or two, and that our army is ready to take the field as well equipped as foreign armies may therefore well be doubted. How matters are to be improved is a question which would carry us far beyond our present limits, but if the existing system is to give us a real efficiency, more and more money will have to be spent. As wages increase, and the standard of comfort rises, our present inducements will attract fewer and fewer recruits. Either the inducements must become so great that the taxpayer will be dismayed, or some alternative scheme resting on bases to us altogether novel must be tried. That is the issue before the country, and we believe that the present Army Estimates, however optimistically they may be read, go to make the fact clearer than ever.

THE REVISION OF ESTABLISHMENT.

THE ecclesiastical atmosphere is perceptibly clearing. On both sides the extreme partisans have spoken, and the good sense of the general body of citizens has impartially censured and rejected the pronouncements of both. On the one hand the ludicrous Parliamentary collapse of the Protestant agitation which had boasted so greatly in the country has proved that the Evangelical party of the Church was not really in sympathy with the methods and political designs of the movement which masqueraded in its name; on the other hand, the prompt and general condemnation of the Holborn resolutions, and the more recent manifesto of the English Church Union, have proved that the Ritualist faction does not represent the mind, or reflect the spirit, of the mass of High Churchmen. There are not wanting indications, of returning sanity in quarters hitherto abandoned to extravagance. We note with satisfaction that Lord Halifax and his friends are already engaged in minimising the gravity of their "ultimatum." It did not mean what it actually said: its authors were thinking of quite different matters than those actually at issue: in fine, it must not be taken too seriously. Certainly there will be no disposition among sensible men to refuse to the agitators on either side the amnesty of oblivion: their competing extravagances may be dismissed from the mind, and attention directed to the really serious question whether the terms of Establishment ought not to be revised, and what the nature of such revision should be. The chronic disaffection of the clergy is not adequately explained by a theory of the clerical character which is equally opposed to probability, to charity, and to experience. A wiser course is to accept it as the result of a general belief that the existing terms of Establishment involve serious injustice to the National Church, and to inquire what are the grounds of that belief.

It cannot be denied that the incidents of Establishment have since the Reformation changed in many respects, and generally to the disadvantage of the Church. The formula of development is the alteration of mutual obligations into ecclesiastical disabilities. This is most clearly illustrated in the matter of the Acts of Uniformity. They formed a part of the system which reflected the Tudor idea of a National Church. Uniformity in the Church was matched by orthodoxy in the nation. Clergy and laity were bound by the same law. This century has witnessed the complete enfranchisement of the laity: the clergy are still in bondage. This is the harder, since the old justifications for a rigid uniformity are no longer valid. In the sixteenth century, unquestionably, the political argument for keeping a strict control over the Church was irresistible. Foreign complications of the gravest kind waited on the fortunes of the English Church: the most vital interests of the national independence were bound up with the cause of ecclesiastical harmony. The "tuning" of the pulpits by public authority had all, and more than all, the excuses that are now urged in defence of the Continental practice of bribing, and inspiring, and shackling the press. The Prayer-book aspiration for a single liturgical "use" over the whole kingdom had its roots in patent political expediency. All this is now changed. No political interest is endangered by the surrender of the Tudor ideal of uniformity. As a matter of fact the Tudor arrangements have been abandoned save only in respect to the rigidity of ceremonial, and the subjection of the clergy. Parliament has become a motley assemblage, in which all types of religious and irreligious belief have been or might be represented. The Union of Scotland brought an influx of Presbyterians: the Catholic Emancipation Act added a numerous contingent of Papists: Liberal legislation has introduced a strong admixture of dissenters, Jews, freethinkers, and even heathen. It is hard to hold the Church to her original bargain, when the State has thus drastically revised its own engagements. Disestablishment, without disendowment, would no doubt be the logical solution of the problem created by the destruction of all the secular side of Establishment, but in the prevailing temper of the popular mind that policy is patently impracticable. Disestablishment is inseparable from disendowment, and, therefore, must

be resisted to the last by all, to whom a vast project of confiscation, involving from the nature of the case proceedings which to the best men in the nation would seem indistinguishable from sacrilege, appears a gigantic national disaster. The Establishment retained, are there no means of removing the disaffection of the clergy, which must be allowed to be natural under the circumstances, and not, in itself, unreasonable? One step, and an important one, towards a settlement of our ecclesiastical difficulties will have been taken when thoughtful laymen generally admit the intrinsic reasonableness of the High Church demand for a further revision of the Tudor and Caroline arrangements, not now against the interests of the Church, but in the direction of clerical liberty.

Further, it should be remembered that the High Church party does certainly base its specific demands on the foundation of Reformation principles. The independence of the spirituality within its own sphere was theoretically respected by those masterful sovereigns, before whose absolute authority parliaments and convocations sank into Oriental servility, and law-courts became the facile instruments of tyranny. Under the Stuarts the fiction of liberty acquired a certain reality, and the Church of England under the hard fortune of exile revealed a vitality which amazed her foes. It is not without significance that the loftiest ecclesiastical claims then most commended themselves to English Churchmen when the secular fortunes of the Church were at their lowest ebb. The Tractarians were able to justify their assertion that they were expounding the doctrine of the Anglican Church by producing catenæ of divines of the seventeenth century whose conception of the Church of England was as exalted as their own. It is not the Reformation settlement which stands in the way of the High Church contentions but the lethargy of the eighteenth century, and the imported Methodism of the "Evangelical movement." The revival of historical study in this century has predisposed educated men to consider with patience and even with sympathy pretensions which a few years ago would have provoked no other sentiments than indignant wonder or hostile scorn. The notion that the National Church is "a branch of the civil service," or "a religious club which the civil power superintends, and takes charge of, and keeps in order" would have moved the wonder of the divines who drew up the Canons of 1603, or of those who endured the afflictions of the "undecima persecutio," and, subsequently, carried out the great Restoration of Religion. When the Bishop of Worcester in a recent letter asserted that the Tractarians or High Churchmen had no historical basis for their distinctive theories, he contradicted both the Prayer-book and the plainest facts of Anglican history. In its way the statement is not without interest. It may take rank with some of the speeches of Lord Halifax, or the lectures of the Rev. E. G. Wood, as a curious example of the mental obliquity of partisanship.

Finally, there is the evident fact that the Establishment has reached paralysis in the important matter of the courts. On this point there is absolute agreement. The courts as they stand are inoperative, because they do not commend themselves to the consciences of High Churchmen and cannot easily be made to serve the prejudices of Protestants. The history of the existing courts goes far to justify the disaffection they provoke. It cannot be denied that they represent a twofold invasion of Erastianism, that of the lawyers seeking simplicity in the legal system, and that of the politicians yielding to an outburst of popular fanaticism. The fontes malorum are the Church Discipline Act of 1840, and the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. The failure of these Acts is sufficiently certified by the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission in 1881. The general acquiescence in a state of anarchy mitigated by episcopal influence, has postponed the settlement of a question which was admittedly urgent eighteen years ago. Recent events, and the violent emotions they have stirred in many quarters, prohibit the hope that there can be a continuance of that acquiescence. The problem of the Ecclesiastical Courts must be faced, as part of a thorough, frank, and unbiassed revision of the terms of Establishment. This, we suppose, is

at bottom the policy of the Archbishops: we hold it to be the true policy of all who desire the maintenance of the historic connexion between Church and State. That this policy is beset with grave difficulties is evident. It is no easy task to satisfy the legitimate demands of High Churchmen, and not to offend the natural susceptibilities of those who are before all things Protestant. To secure sufficient liberty to the Church, and at the same time to safeguard the public conscience against intolerable provocations, is a problem that demands for its solution the finest qualities of statesmanship. It is of the first importance that the good sense of thoughtful men should be brought to bear on the Church question. If we are to escape grave blunders, and, as a consequence, a great religious disaster, that question must be taken out of the hands of heated partisans, and calmly considered in the light of the national interest. There must be order in the Church: order apart from an effective judicature is impossible: that judicature can never be effective which does not command the loyal acceptance of the clergy: the clergy have a good case against the existing courts. Remove their grievance, and so rally to the side of discipline all the best men in the Church. Ignore their grievance, and the fate of Establishment is sealed.

TELEPHONES AND THE STATE.

A GOVERNMENT measure which in two days causes a depreciation of more than half a million sterling in the market valuation of the stock and shares of a great industrial undertaking, has evidently come as a surprise to the mercantile community. Unfortunately there is an impression abroad that this depreciation is in fact the main object of the Bill dealing with the telephone question, the details of which were sketched out by Mr. Hanbury in the House of Commons on Monday last. Everybody expected Mr. Hanbury to be bold, and his conduct of the proceedings of the Select Committee on telephones last session showed that he at least had no bias in favour of the private telephone monopoly which, with much trouble and at great cost, has been established by the National Telephone Company. But if he was expected to be bold he was also expected to be fair, and he has disappointed expectation both by not being bold enough, and by being rather unfair to the shareholders of the company. The bold course would have been to bring forward proposals for the immediate transfer of the whole of the telephone business of the country to the State, and it was this course which logically followed from the report and recommendations of the Select Committee. But instead of immediate purchase Mr. Hanbury proposes to establish a system of competition with the National Telephone Company by the Post Office and by municipalities, the only outcome of which will be to render more unsatisfactory our system of telephonic communications, and the object of which can only be to diminish the value of the company's undertaking when the time comes for its purchase by the State; for no one, and least of all Mr. Hanbury, will now maintain that competition in telephones can lead to anything but waste and inefficiency. Purchase, outright and immediate, paying the company a fair value for its plant, with an adequate allowance for the years still unexpired of its licences, and for the money it has legitimately expended in costly and useful but unremunerative experiments, would in this case have not only been the boldest and most logical but also the fairest course, and we cannot but regret that the Government has not had the courage of Mr. Hanbury's convictions.

Dissatisfaction with the Government proposals on the part of the mercantile community cannot be attributed to any sympathy with the National Telephone Company, and even those shareholders of the company who happen to be connected by a tyrannous wire with any of its exchanges would, we imagine, acquiesce in any scheme which promised a more efficient service. When we refer to the inefficiency of the company's service we write with full knowledge of the difficulties with regard to way-leaves which have stood in the way of a more perfect system. Yet after making allowance

for these difficulties there remains a serious indictment against the company for its neglect of public needs. The endeavour to pay big dividends on its huge capital has inevitably diminished its outlay on the improvement of its staff, and the perfecting of its instruments. It delayed for years the introduction of the twin wire system without which no system of telephony can be efficiently conducted. It has restricted the supply of telephones to a privileged class, and to privileged areas. And, finally, such sympathy as was left to it was alienated by its desperate attempt to jockey the Post Office into giving it advantages which it had no right to claim. But the State, on the other hand, cannot rid itself of a large share of responsibility. The supineness and the red-tapeism of the Post Office originally allowed the provision of a system of telephony to be undertaken by private companies, and it was aided and abetted in its negligence by the short-sighted and false economical policy of the Treasury. Without private enterprise we should have had to wait many years before the State would have thought the time ripe for the introduction of national telephones, and in the meantime private enterprise has spent large sums in finding out and in developing the best system of management and of organisation. Moreover, it has also to be recognised that the very monopoly which must now be destroyed, although it was established solely for the benefit of the company, is in fact the source of such efficiency as our present telephone system possesses, for the company, with greater foresight than the Post Office, from the first perceived that no telephone system could be ordinarily efficient which depended upon the action of two or more competing companies.

To us it seems not only undignified but even rather mean to allow the Post Office and the municipalities, with all their advantages respecting capital charges and wayleaves, to compete with the company, in order to beat down the price to be paid for its undertaking. Whilst, therefore, we welcome the fact that the Government is determined to deal immediately with the telephone question, and recognise that it contemplates the ultimate purchase by the State of the whole system, we trust that before Mr. Hanbury's Bill is passed the knowledge of its drastic provisions, and the severe depreciation which has already taken place in the market value of the National Telephone Company's shares, will dispose of the Company to listen to proposals for immediate purchase at a fair and reasonable valuation. This would be the solution of a difficult question which would commend itself alike to the taxpayer, to the subscriber, and to the company. In the end we believe it would be much cheaper than Mr. Hanbury's plan of providing at once £2,000,000 from the Consolidated Fund and removing certain Treasury restrictions, in order to enable the Post Office to compete effectively with the National Telephone Company. More than this. The Government scheme, as foreshadowed by Mr. Hanbury, contemplates the establishment of the toll-system, that is to say a small annual subscription, with a fee for each message, in place of the present unrestricted use of the telephone in return for a much larger subscription. It is more than doubtful whether the toll-system would commend itself to the larger users of the telephone, for in their case the charge would be considerably more onerous, even if the toll is small, than the present high annual subscription, which is one of the grounds of complaint against the company. Moreover the keeping of the necessary account, the difficulties with regard to ineffective calls and numerous other irksome features of the toll-system, will inevitably prevent the large user from availing himself of the Post Office system. The National Telephone Company, in view of its past policy, will on the contrary attach itself more particularly to this important class of subscribers, with the result that whilst the Government telephones will obtain only the most unremunerative business, the company will be able to strengthen its position as a monopoly and may even, when its licences expire in 1911, be more able to secure favourable terms of purchase than it is at the present time. As a means of establishing effective competition we have therefore grave doubts concerning the value of Mr. Hanbury's proposals and the

more strongly urge an attempt to agree to a scheme for immediate purchase. In our politics we are a compromising and illogical people, but in this case, since it is clear that State ownership of the telephones is sooner or later inevitable, even our politicians should see that the straightforward and logical course will be the easiest and the cheapest in the end.

THE HUMAN IN FLORAL COLOURS.

SOME time ago, when thinking and writing about the human-like sounds uttered by certain birds, with special reference to the fact that the human quality in sweet bird-voices has a very peculiar charm for us, it struck me forcibly that all human resemblances in the animal and vegetable worlds and inanimate nature, enter largely in and strongly colour our aesthetic feelings. We have but to listen to the human tones in wind and water, and in animal voices; and recognise the human shape in plant, and rock, and cloud, and in the round heads of certain mammals, like the seal; and the human expression in the eyes, and faces generally, of many mammals, birds and reptiles, to know that these casual resemblances are a great deal to us.

I thought, just then, more about flowers than other things: for here it seemed to me that the effect was similar to that produced on the mind by sweet human-like tones in bird music. In other words the principal charm of the flower was to be traced to its *human* colouring; and this was far more than all its other attractions—including beauty of form, purity and brilliance of colour and the harmonious arrangement of colours; and, finally, fragrance, where such a quality existed.

The blue flower is associated, consciously or not, with the human blue eye; and as the floral blue is in all or nearly all instances, pure and beautiful, it is like the most beautiful human eye. This association, and not the colour itself, strikes me as the true cause of the superior attraction the blue flower has for most of us. Apart from association blue is less attractive than red because less luminous: furthermore, green is the least effective background for such a colour appearing in so small an object as a flower; and as a fact we see that at a little distance the flower's blue is absorbed and disappears in the surrounding green, while reds and yellows keep their splendour. Nevertheless the blue flower has stronger hold on our affections. As a human colour, blue comes first because it is the colour of the most important feature, and, we may say, the very soul in man. Some purple flowers probably stand next in our regard on account of their nearness in colour to the purest blues. The wild hyacinth, the violet and pansy will occur to everyone; and the mention of this last favourite serves to remind me that the names of some flowers have been invented in recognition of their *humanness* in colour, and occasionally expression. Love-in-a-mist and forget-me-not are examples, and the reader will recall others for himself. And here it may be noted that the blue flowers which have the greatest charm for us are those in which not the colour only but some suggestion of the form and expression of the human eye is also found. For example, the forget-me-not, flax, borage, and even the small inconspicuous blue pimpernel, are more to us than some larger and handsomer blue flowers, such as the blue-bottle and the succory, and blue flowers in masses as the wistaria. The various reds come next, but chiefly the pinks, and creamy whites tinged or suffused with red or rose are human. Probably the flower that gives the most pleasure on account of its beautiful flesh-tints is the Gloire de Dijon rose, so common with us, and so universal a favourite. But all reds have something human, even the most luminous scarlets and crimsons, although in intensity they so greatly surpass the brightest red of the lips and the most vivid blush on the cheek. Luminous reds are not, however, confined to lips and cheeks; even the fingers when held up before the eyes to the sun or to firelight show a very delicate and beautiful red; and this same brilliant floral hue is seen at times in the membrane of the ear.

There is an ancient legend that man was originally made of many ingredients, and that at the

last a bunch of wild flowers was thrown into the mixture to give colour to his eyes. It ought to have been colour to the eyes and skin, since it is certain that flowers that have delicate and beautiful flesh-tints are attractive on that account, just as blues and some purples are attractive because they resemble the human iris. Here, as in the case of bird notes which delight us on account of their resemblance to fresh young musical human voices, the red flowers please us best when they reproduce the loveliest human tints—the apple-blossom, and almond, and wild rose for example.

I think that we can more quickly recognise this human interest in a flower, due to its colour, and appreciate its æsthetic value best, when we turn from the blues, purples and reds, to the whites and the yellows. The feeling these last give us is distinctly different in character from that produced by the others. They are not like us, nor like any living sentient thing we are related to: there is no kinship, no human quality. Of the two—white and yellow—the white is perhaps the less unhuman owing to the fact that white does appear in our countenances, although very little of it, in the whites of the eyes, and in the teeth. But whiteness, in the white flower, where there is any red does not strike us as unhuman, probably because a very brilliant red colour on some delicate skins causes the light flesh-tints to appear almost white by contrast, and is the complexion known as “milk and roses.” The apple-blossom is a beautiful example, and the beloved daisy—the “wee modest crimson-tippit flower,” which would be so much less dear but for that touch of human crimson. In yellow flowers, as in white, human interest is wanting. It is true that yellow is a human colour, since in the hair we find yellows of different shades:—it is a pity that we cannot find, or have not found, a better word than “shades” for the specific differences of a colour. There is the so-called “tow,” the tawny, the bronze, the simple “yellow,” and the “golden” which includes many varieties, and the hair called “carrot.” But none of these has the flower yellow. Richard Jefferies tells us that when he placed a sovereign by the side of a dandelion he saw how unlike the two colours were—that, in fact, no two colours could seem more unlike than the yellow of gold and the yellow of the flower. It is not necessary to set a lock of hair and any yellow flower beside each other to know how utterly different the hues are. The yellow of the hair is like that of metals, of clay, of stone and various earthy substances, and the fur of some mammals, and xanthophyll in leaf and stalk, and like the yellow sometimes seen in clouds. When Ossian, in his famous address to the sun, speaks of its yellow hair floating on the Eastern clouds, we instantly feel the truth as well as beauty of the simile. We admire the yellow flower for the purity and brilliance of its colour, just as we admire some bird notes solely for the purity and brightness of the sound, however unlike the human voice they may be. We also admire it in many instances for the exquisite beauty of its form, and the beauty of the contrast of pure yellow and deep green, as in the yellow flag, and numerous other plants.

There is one objection to the view I have expressed, which will instantly occur to some readers, and may as well be answered in advance. This view, or theory, must be wrong the reader will perhaps say, because my own preference is for a yellow flower—the primrose or daffodil, let us say, which to me has a beauty and charm exceeding all other flowers.

The obvious explanation of such a preference would be that the particular flower preferred is intimately associated with recollections of a happy childhood, or of early life. The associations will have made it a flower among flowers, charged with a subtle magic, so that the mere sight or smell of it calls up beautiful visions before the mind's eye. Every person bred in a country place is affected in this way by certain natural objects and odours, and I recall the case of Cuvier who was always affected to tears by the sight of some common yellow flower, the name of which I have forgotten.

The way to test the theory is to take, or think of, flowers that have no personal associations with one's own early life—that are not, like the primrose and daffodil in the foregoing instance, sacred flowers,

unlike all others; some with and some without human colouring, and consider the feeling produced in each case on the mind. If anyone will look at, say, a Gloire de Dijon rose (in some persons its mental image will serve as well as the object itself) and then at a perfect white, then a perfect yellow, chrysanthemum, and an almander, and at any exquisitely beautiful orchid that has no human colour in it which he may be acquainted with, he will probably say: I admire these chrysanthemums and other flowers more than the rose: they are most perfect in their beauty—I cannot imagine anything more beautiful; but though the rose is less beautiful and splendid, the admiration I have for it appears to differ somewhat in character—to be mixed with some new element which makes this flower actually more to me than the others. That something different, and something more, is the human association which this flower has for us in virtue of its colour; and the new element—the feeling it inspires, which has something of tenderness and affection in it—is one and the same with the feeling which we have for human beauty.

W. H. HUDSON.

PÈRE DIDON'S IDEALS.

PÈRE DIDON is now known to all of us. Always a respected authority with the experts in education, hardly more than a name to the general public, the Master amongst French Roman Catholic educationists has become a familiar figure and a friend to us by his pilgrimage to the great shrines of education in England. “Pilgrimage” and “shrines” are hardly fanciful terms to apply to Père Didon's visit; for in England he has found his educational ideal. Indeed, we almost hesitate to give Père Didon's views, as he has given them to us, for fear of ministering to our insular self-satisfaction. But it is rather the Public Schools and the two Universities that have attracted him, not the elementary schools nor any secondary system, as indeed it could not, seeing that we have none. Then it must be admitted that our distinguished visitor has not been in England very long, after all.

According to Père Didon, there are two Ideals of education: one attempts to form the obedient man, the subordinate; the other aims at the man of action, the leader of men. Either Ideal has its own method; the one acts by a system of terror and repression; the child is broken in or broken down. The other trusts in confidence, the child is left to expand in the perfect freedom of self-control. The root of the first system is a sense of universal depravity, which it is always on the watch to combat; the spring of the second is a profound faith in goodness, goodness which it draws out. Schools of the first kind compass and hedge their pupils round with every sort and kind of oversight and vigilance. Schools of the second sort have a horror of excessive surveillance. They allow of freedom of action as the only way to a sense of personal responsibility. England is the one country where from the preparatory school to the university the principle of trust is the preponderating factor in education. In other countries the predominant principle is distrust with dread, an excessive multiplication of checks and safeguards.

The consequences are clear. The régime of liberty breeds men, men of action, equally capable of self-command or of commanding others; the régime of compression, with its touch of the spy, produces weak creatures without the courage to act on their own account—fearful that they may compromise themselves if they act contrary to the spirit which is around them. The former are the pioneers of progress; the latter are anxious above all things to preserve what they have, creatures of routine and red tape, who bar the road to the natural evolution of things. And for the means to the end. Organised games, where the individual enters into close partnership and relation with his fellows, appear to be the only instrument for the formation of men of action and initiative. What else can produce physical strength and stamina, endurance, courage, coolness, the critical eye that takes in a situation at a glance, personal influence, and the art of teaching others to combine for common action? It is doubtless this exceedingly just

and practical view that more or less consciously has determined the English nation to assign to athletics a greater place in the school life than to instruction. Too many Frenchmen at forty are unable to do justice to their position, because instead of being champions at football or cricket or boating, they have had no other ambition than to win a prize at the Concours Général, in which all the schools in France compete.

Then it must always be remembered that instruction should be in harmony with the cerebral development of the pupil, so that certain branches of knowledge cannot usefully be taught to minds insufficiently matured by age. The teaching given to the young should be confined to the elements and essential instruments of knowledge. Teachers should concern themselves less with mere book-lore, with the sum-total of facts to be communicated, than with the means of enabling the pupil to acquire these facts for himself. Not many subjects but thoroughness in each. Thus in classics, the essential elements of grammar must be insisted on in order that the pupils may penetrate thoroughly into the meaning and spirit of the ancients. In history cultivate the art of seizing on the salient events in order to group around them that which is subordinate. In natural science, develop that calm spirit which is able to contain itself even before the discovery of nature's wonders, in the remembrance that nature is greater than the intellect of man, whose little scientific systems are often but too narrow to contain and comprehend her infinite variety.

LIGHT HORSES.

FOR the past two weeks the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has been the scene of a couple of shows of the pleasure horse of two distinct types—the Hackney and the ordinary half-bred, which may be a hunter, a hack or harness horse; a useful sort for most purposes, or a useless sort for any purpose, as the late Charles Brindley, better known as "Harry Hieover," used to phrase it. That a good deal of money and enthusiasm is expended upon the production of light horses is sufficiently obvious to anyone who visited Islington, and yet dealers and others are heard to declare that really high-class horses are difficult to procure, and, at least so far as harness horses are concerned, the foreigner is continually supplying our market. Fashion, as everybody knows, changes, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, yet none the less certainly. Once upon a time the Cleveland Bay was the accepted type of carriage horse for the dress chariot and the travelling carriage. Then when the Hackney Horse Society was formed to watch over the hackney, some use had to be found for him. The modern hackney is not the same stamp of horse upon which in the pre-railroad days people rode long journeys; he is certainly not a hunter, nor in the opinion of many is he a riding horse at all. In harness, however, he finds his affinity, and the hackney's lofty action looks well in brougham or victoria, yet the bulk of our stepping carriage horses come from abroad. The breeders of harness horses, however, are not unanimous in declaring that their industry is a short cut to a competence much less to a fortune. The same complaint goes up from the breeders of hunters, who declare that they can obtain from dealers hack price only, and that they afterwards hear of their horses being sold for fabulous sums. That, however, they should remember, is only after the dealer has schooled and educated his purchase; kept him for some time and often made quite another horse of him. Or, on the other hand, the horse may die or be blemished while learning how to jump a country, and then the loss is the dealer's, and a few accidents of that kind bring down the profits wonderfully. The philosophical manner of looking at the matter is that so long as the breeder receives a tolerably fair profit for what is often only little better than raw material, he should not bother himself about the sum the dealer makes over the horse.

One curious point about the demand for and supply of high-class horses is that in early days, when there were no specialist horse societies, it is said that good hunters were easy enough to obtain, though then every man was a law unto himself in horse-breeding, and

had no stud book, save the Old Burlington Street work, to which he could refer to be helped over any difficulty which might confront him. The breeders of a former time were foolish enough to sell their best mares to go abroad, and by so doing they caused loss to themselves and their descendants, while, when the Franco-German War broke out, agents from France and Germany scoured England and took away with them almost everything, mares included, that was worth buying. It is the inferiority of our mares taken as a whole that has caused so many horsebreeding disappointments, while even now small breeders are only too ready to dispose of any likely mares they may have bred, thanks in a great measure to the assistance afforded them by the different Societies.

The question has often been raised as to the precise effect of horse shows upon horse-breeding. The horse show, as we see it in the summer, dates only from the early "sixties," when the late Mr. Samuel Sidney, the secretary of the Agricultural Hall, introduced the practice of having horses ridden and driven in the ring, instead of being shown in hand as was the custom at the Royal Agricultural Show; while he also promoted jumping contests to please the general public. As time went on, owners began to reserve horses almost exclusively for show purposes, until at the present day we have a certain number of fine-looking hunters which would be useless in the hunting field; hacks which have never been backed, and harness horses which do no work save in the show ring, a state of things which would at first sight appear to do no good to horse-breeding. In practice, however, the breeder profits by these sham performers, for the professional exhibitor will, as a rule, give a better price for a show hunter than would most people for a horse to carry them with hounds or for use in harness. In the show ring that horse is to be preferred which exhibits fewer signs of work or blemishes, and so in the spring and summer, when the bona-fide hunter is thrown up, the show hunter comes proudly forth with not the suspicion of round joints or wind galls about him. The show hunter, in fact, is far too valuable an animal to be risked over fences, and so long as he conforms in make and shape to the requirements of a hunter, he is a hunter from the showman's point of view. The ordinary horse show was almost an established institution before classes were formed for young stock and brood mares, and so far as light horses are concerned the Hackney Horse and Hunters' Improvement Societies have accomplished much in this direction, and the owner of a really good mare can obtain a tolerably good advertisement, and pick up quite a respectable sum by making the round of the shows; yet this, though acting as an encouragement to the breeder, may not be the very best thing for light horses at large. It happens with considerable frequency that a mare shown as a yearling obtains a prize, and the success induces her owner to show her again as a two-year-old, when, if she still finds her way into the prize list, she not improbably becomes dedicated to show life. In due course she breeds some fillies which are likewise shown, and if they prove successful, like their dam, they too are kept for the show ring and lead comparatively idle lives. Unlike the racehorse the hackney stallion does no work, save ordinary exercise and trotting round the show ring. Now the question arises whether the offspring of generations of idle parents are as suitable for use as those which have performed a reasonable amount of work? Many people answer the question in the negative, and decline to believe that a hunter for example can have as much stamina as one which is sprung from a dam which has herself been used in the field or on the road. For horses of high class there is always a brisk demand. The army is always somewhat under-horsed; more hunters are needed now than was the case fifty years ago; while since railways supplanted stage coaches more horses than ever are kept, and yet breeders are always saying that breeding does not pay, one of the reasons being that so many men breed the wrong stamp of horse. The shows serve to point out to any man the kind of animal to command a ready sale; yet the average breeder on a

small scale is content to breed from inferior mares and to produce a horse which is fit for no better purpose than a cab or a tradesman's cart.

REMBRANDT'S PRINTS AND DRAWINGS.

I.

THE Print Room exhibition of Rembrandt's drawings and etchings is at last open. None so complete has been seen before, nor is it likely to be outdone elsewhere. No finer collection of the etchings exists; that of the drawings is one of the most important. Add to it the private collections of Mr. Heseltine, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Charles Robinson, and Mr. Salting, to name the chief, and we have in this country a wealth of those matchless works challenged only by the united collections of Germany. One of the most splendid foreign collections, that of M. Bonnat, has been on view at the Academy exhibition now closing. If Mr. Colvin could have found room on folding screens for Lippmann's perfect reproductions from some of the remaining collections, he would have rendered the means of study furnished by his exhibition even more ideally complete. But it is ungrateful to suggest an addition to so well arranged and catalogued a gallery. This Museum plan of keeping prints and drawings in cases with occasional exhibition in frames is quite the best. To study any one example closely it is desirable to have it in one's hands; to review and compare a vast number of pieces it is more convenient to be able to walk among them and refer back and forwards from one to another. The pieces are arranged chronologically so far as evidence or critical consent can determine their order, the work of predecessors, pupils and contemporaries supplements them, a twopenny catalogue gives in the concise form the information needed, and a final effort is made to explain the technical methods of etching to the public by a case of implements, plates in different stages, proofs and so forth. It is a model exhibition.

The arts of etching and drypoint begin and end with Rembrandt. Under his hands the whole range and resources of these arts were discovered, the laws of their expression laid down, the illustration of their effects exhausted. He swept up the tentatives of forerunners and contemporaries; he anticipated all that posterity might have looked to add in variation. The modern gleans after him in the fields he marked out, or strays outside the fence. The criticism therefore of Rembrandt's etching is the comparison of one part of it with another, the reading of the master's own criticism as he advanced in the art he was creating and would conclude.

Reading the work in this sense we note the oscillations of Rembrandt's etching between two ideals, and the eventual combination of these two in a third. The first we may call for the sake of a name the engraver's or painter's ideal, the second the draughtsman's. In the first the still-life elaboration of detail and texture that Albert Dürer had developed in engraving is paralleled by an elaboration of tone, by the employment of a system of cross-hatching passed over the drawing of forms to work out the gradations of light. Rembrandt was tempted to translate into etching the tone-research of his painting, and besides this temptation from the poetry of light and shadow, there persists a kind of trade-convention as to the "finishing" of an engraving that even so original an artist finds it difficult to cast off. This clings most obstinately, as one might expect, to portrait pieces. On the other side is the draughtsman's ideal that the line should never be employed as a dead mechanical element of tone, but only when it expresses a fact of form as well, when it is a living element of line language following a contour if it enters among shadows. The lines in mechanical cross-hatching cease to be lines, they become substitutes for a wash. In draughtsman's etching, then, lines model, not by throwing veils of independent hatched tone over contours, but express contours and ask of shadows only to reveal more contours. But a check on this multiplication comes from another demand of the line. It demands not only to be a real line, an exponent of form, but also to retain the importance and eloquence it can have only

when there are not too many lines in the field, nor too minute. The presence of Rembrandt's drawings alongside of his etchings in this exhibition throws into relief the second ideal. Here was what the draughtsman's instinct in the moment of conception asked and obtained of lines; a strict economy in their number and with that a directly increased intensity of dramatic effect. Few who are frank will deny that to pass from the drawings to the etchings is to pass from a tenser, more nervous, world of action and suffering to a stiller, more established, but less speaking scene, where the compensation in pathetic veils of shadow shrouds forms less blood-heated and inspired with breath. The ease with which in a drawing the sweep of a loaded brush over the traits of a flexible pen or pencil added the power of shadow, makes the contrast of laboured gradation against the quick sob or cry of the single stroke or sweep the more striking. As in clinging to the engraver ideal portraits are the most obstinate, so in this ideal of open essential lines landscape, as the most private and least commissioned work, is the most free. An early example of the superiority of the drawing to the etching is the lovely study of a nude woman in the Museum collection (A. 4) which was actually etched (No. 42). Compare the vital drawing of breast and belly with the dryer account given by the needle; what the background adds in elaboration it subtracts in effect.

The difference I am attempting to establish marks the experiment of a master every kind in whose work has its interest, and it is evident that even now the consensus of critical opinion does not accept Rembrandt's own judgment as shown in the growth of his style. Thus I read in the catalogue under the "Portrait of Ephraim Bonus," "One of the most masterly and effective of all the etched portraits of Rembrandt." Frankly, this verdict completely puzzles me. The etching is surely one of the worst composed of all the portraits with its ugly balustrade and background, and the figure is one of the most faulty in drawing. Rembrandt's curious trick of making the arms of his sitters too short becomes here a deformity, and the stupid hatched work is surely not his at all. The famous portrait of Jan Six at a window does deserve admiration as a climax of the painting ideal in etching, but even here a touch or two of likeness-correction in the face makes the whole ethereal structure of air-painting stagger. The "Tholinx," another portrait that collectors put at the top of their lists, was clearly to Rembrandt himself something of a failure, with eyes first too heavy, then too weak; the Clement de Jonghe is one of the simplest of this series, but who that fully enjoys Rembrandt's real triumphs can look without irritation at the "Jan Cornelis Sylvius," the "Uytendogaert" with its dreadful background, or the "Coppelaar," evidently a vain bore treated in the manner that he could appreciate. We see a fine drawing in the process of spoiling when the humorous "Jan Lutma" is altered from its first nobility by the insertion of a window and trimmings. We must suppose that Rembrandt, bothered by the taste of his sitters, handed over these plates to pupils to undergo the same process of degradation as Vandyck's superb etchings suffered. Their reputation is one of the Salerooms, of dealers disputing over impressions with "a black ring" and "a white ring." The real masterpiece of this series is the "Haaring," not the Old but the Young, and in the first state. This far outdoes the "Six" in grandeur of light and shadow, in its combination of portraiture and mystery. In the second state some scruple about likeness has wrecked its line-work with a few harsh touches, and the beautifully adjusted veil of ink has been tattered. All this set of portraits, with its few precarious triumphs and its more frequent descent towards a tedious trade article, contrasts vividly with Rembrandt's unfettered work after himself and his own people in early years. Everything done after his mother is perfect in a natural nobility of arrangement, intimacy, concentration; the puzzle is that this kind of draughtsman portrait had so few successors. "The Young Man in a Velvet Cap" (147), the neighbouring Saskias, the "Jan Asselyn" (221) and the profile of a boy (175) may be named among them. Relatives and artists were treated thus. But the greatest puzzle of all is those four heads of 1635, one set of which is signed by Lievens, another by

Rembrandt, with a word added, now made out as the Dutch for "retouched." It is supposed that the originals were Lievens', the copies by a pupil of Rembrandt retouched by the master. But three of the heads are superb pieces, of a quality unknown in the rest of Lievens' works, and one of them is the head usually taken for that of Rembrandt's father. Something like these Rembrandt might have developed out of his first etchings instead of the painter style. Drawings for them must surely have been his.

The portraits then remain somewhat arrested in the general development of Rembrandt's etching style, they have a taint from outside; the dramatic subjects follow the lead of the landscapes. When he has fully explored his instrument Rembrandt's notion of the line-work in an etching is a network of expressive contours, each weighted with as large a share of form and story as it will carry, all this to be secured as much as possible in a single biting. But besides this etched line to represent the pen line of his drawings, he makes increased use of the dry point line with its burr to represent his emphatic brush strokes. Sometimes the plate is printed in this state. But he does not want to deny himself shadow though he is tired of the line-slavery of hatching. In his final manner he relies on the inking of his plate to give him an effect like that of the brush wash over his drawings. It was impossible to obtain this without some addition of line-work to hold the ink; he adds the minimum necessary. We can see him do this between the first and second states of the "Christ Entombed" (277); when an open line drawing is converted into a deep mysterious night piece. This clear separation of the systems of line and tone, allowing of a vigorous eloquent drawing, over which floodings of shadow may be disposed and differently disposed in successive printings, is Rembrandt's last word.

There are two cases at the end of the gallery of which the effect is overwhelming. They represent not only the culmination of all this science of expression in etching, of bare strong line and of line counterpointed with darkness, but also of Rembrandt's dramatic and tragic power. It seldom happens that the exhibition, side by side, of different states of a print adds to the emotional effect of its subject. Here, in the case of the "Christ Shown to the People" and the "Three Crosses" it does. The troubled gropings and shiftings in that high wrestle of invention make of these sequent prints successive moments in a strain of growing agony. In the first scene, the "Ecce Homo," the crowd of curiosity and rancour drifts and surges like a wave against the cliff-pedestal, and then drops away leaving it bare for its crowned victim, bare except for the doubtful shape upon it of some obliterated god. In the other, the "Crucifixion," the curtain of night-in-day shuts ever more closely, horsemen that were too fine to live in that haggard light fall away, leaving one stricken centurion, and all ends in stark wounded lines and a terror-white more awful than the darkness.

It is well to take such work in the order of its production, to begin with the old "Ecce Homo," and see the designer attempt, by taking thought, to render the scene grandiose before the tide of real inspiration had risen to sweep away and transform the put-up impressiveness of such staging and characterisation. How vulgar its graces, how wormy its shadows become when we reach the end! Yet the impressive root of its creation, the architecture of its action piled up sideways against the hanging towers of the distance returns in one of the last and most perfect plates, the "Deposition" (276) purged and solemnised. And we can trace the architecture of the final "Ecce Homo" growing in the "Christ Healing the Sick" (233) through the "Christ Preaching" (249) to its ultimate momentous shape. Borrowed, it is said, from Lucas van Leyden's plate, it is borrowed as a misplaced infertile seed might be borrowed, recognised by its true owner for a jewel in the confused display of a pedlar's trinkets. It is customary to exalt against Rembrandt's inventions the composition of older masters; before design like this beaten out from within by passion into the simplest and grandest utterance, the Raphaelian harmonies awkwardly emulated in the earlier attempts appear a kind of ambling absent-minded sing-song.

D. S. M.

THE HOPE FOR ENGLISH OPERA.

LET me begin with a few platitudes culled from the stock accumulated by man during the passage of the ages. That will ensure this article being called a particularly brilliant and original one. It is high time, then, that the British nation had an opera of its own. Without an opera we can scarcely be called an opera-loving nation. Undoubtedly many good things would flow from the establishment of an opera. In the first place, we should then have an opera; and that would be, as we say in our profounder moments, much. The main nuisance is the problem of how to make a start. Is it composers or opera-houses that we most need? Shall we offer prizes for the best opera, or support Mr. Schulz-Curtius and the other gentlemen who have each a scheme for an opera up his sleeve, trusting that when the machinery is ready the steam will be turned on from somewhere? Shall we invite the first chicken to lay the first egg, just for a commencement, or shall we get an egg somehow and hatch our first chicken out with the most modern form of incubator?

The late Mr. Carl Rosa believed in both plans. He commissioned English composers to write operas, and he scoured the country with his company in search of money to pay the composers for operas which never paid for themselves. Incidentally in going about the country, he educated the country; and if there are to-day many remote towns where it is known that Donizetti did not write "Tannhäuser" and more than suspect that Gounod had a hand in "Faust," the credit must go to Mr. Carl Rosa. It was indeed the most useful work he did; for in truth very little came of his commissions for operas. He never got hold of a success. It is not a bad thing to commission composers to write operas; but very little is to be expected from it. It may be as well to keep the flame of hope burning bright in the breasts of students by occasionally giving some one a couple of hundred pounds for an opera; but let no one anticipate a "Tristan" or "Siegfried" or even a "Lohengrin." The real work towards the creation of a live English opera is being done by the Carl Rosa Company, the National Opera Company (if I have got the name right), and the little companies that tour the suburbs of London and the smaller provincial towns. Absolutely the first step is to teach the English people to want to attend the opera. Until they form the habit of going at least as regularly as they go to the theatre, not only shall we bring forth no English "Tristans," but if we did, they would be useless to us: no one would ever hear them. If rich people did not hang pictures on their walls, there would be very few fine pictures painted, and those few would probably pass to the marine-store dealer and their painters to the workhouse. And to get people to go to the opera we must adopt the methods of the pill-manufacturers and picture-painters. The pill-manufacturers never cease to assure the public that it needs pills, and the picture-painters never cease to point out the bad taste and vulgarity of those who have not on their walls some pictures painted at a cost of a few hundreds or thousands apiece; and the public is taught to buy both pills and pictures. In the same way, and for the same reason, a town which has no opera is an ignorant, benighted, dull and vulgar town which is justly punished if it is ruled by an insane County Council. There is now, I am aware, a spark of hope for that town; for lately have not some enthusiasts issued, through the Concorde Concert Control, a circular announcing their intention of starting an opera-house of some sort in London soon, and asking our Beethovens, Mozarts and Wagners to send in their masterworks? For the benefit of anyone who may happen to have a "Don Giovanni" or "Fidelio" locked up in a drawer, I may mention that the address of the Concorde Concert Control is 186 Wardour Street, W., and that manuscripts should be sent there. For the present, however, the work of the travelling opera companies is much more valuable. On Tuesday night I was quite surprised to find in Kennington, in the Princess of Wales's Theatre, a large audience listening attentively and enthusiastically—too enthusiastically, in fact—applauding a very fair representation of "Faust" given

by the National Opera Company. Miss Esty played Marguerite rather provincially, and the other parts also were done rather as if to please the provincial gallery. Still, when the Kennington audience has heard "Faust" sufficiently often, it may learn not to like provincialisms; and the only way of learning to dislike them is to hear opera frequently: its tastes will not improve if it stays at home and never hears anything. Of course the opera company might itself help to educate the common taste and avoid extra work by refraining from playing down to the supposed level of a Kennington audience. The singers may take my word for it that there is no audience in the world that an actor or opera-singer need play down to; for the average taste and intelligence even of provincial audiences are by no means lower, I say with regret, than the average taste and intelligence of stage artists.

Still, though constant performances of opera are the main thing just now, I fancy a good deal may be hoped for from the Concorde Concert Control scheme. This scheme, I understand, is not to be worked by the Concorde agency, but by a few gentlemen who have somehow found the money to open an opera-house. They do not ask the public for money at present: they want new works to play. They believe that the public will take a keener interest in new operas than in familiar ones; and, though they will give the familiar ones, they trust to justify their existence chiefly by doing new ones. It is said that they have already, as the result of a circular issued some months ago, secured some operas showing ability. I hope this is so; but also it should be remembered that musical ability alone will not compensate for lack of dramatic power, lack of the sense of how a story should be told on the stage. The point that Mr. Carl Rosa neglected, and that all English composers persist in neglecting, is the story on which the opera is founded. Our composers have steadily gone on wasting ability, frequently of a very high order, on stories that were no stories, and could therefore please no audience, however cultured or uncultured. The brief success of Mascagni and Leoncavallo might surely teach us this lesson (even if the permanent success of Wagner does not), that the public attention can always be held by a real drama, and that an opera made up of middling music but based on a real drama stands a vastly bigger chance of "catching on" than one containing fine music and no drama at all. Besides, every musician, save the purely technical musician, the pedant, will naturally write better music if he himself is interested in his story than if he is not interested, and regards it merely as a peg on which to hang a series of movements. I would even go so far as to advise no young composer to write an opera on a story which does not make a good story to read. Of course some stories may be suited to musical treatment and not to literary treatment; but they are very rare, and to select the other kind is the safe plan. It is, I suppose, the result of the musician's illiteracy that he thinks anything good enough for music, so long as he can drag in a march, a song or two, a love-duet and a grand oratorio finale. Our poets—even our minor poets—consider carefully their subject; they deliberately select something that appeals to them, and which they reckon will therefore appeal to their readers: our musicians never give the matter a moment's consideration. I will be bold enough to say that the old things, including the Scandinavian myths, are utterly played out. After Wagner it is the merest folly to touch Wagner's subjects. It is equal folly on my part, I know, to tell young men so. Probably were I writing operas instead of criticising them, I should start away and work the Scandinavian legends for all they are worth. Yet I cannot help thinking I should quickly find the advisability of looking round for something else; and in looking for that something else I should try never to forget that the subject must be new, must possess a real human interest, must appeal to the permanent human emotions and not to such accidents as jealousy and envy, which no healthy man ever felt. I should remember that the drama of character has not been handled in opera at all since Mozart, and that the real things that interest us are the characters we meet in life, those characters from which proceed all that con-

stitutes the very stuff of modern life. I do not say that opera must be made up entirely of these, but they must form the backbone, round which all manner of beautiful things may be woven. Probably no young composer will heed this advice: he will insist on giving us variants of "Faust," of "Tristan," of "Tannhäuser," and the rest. But if he wants to make even a Mascagni success his story must be as interesting as Mascagni's story; and if he wants his success to last longer than Mascagni's, he must try appealing to the deeper emotions and interests. J. F. R.

A TRIPTYCH.

IN the dialogue of "The Cuckoo," at the Avenue, there is frequent use of the *double entendre*. Now, I am afraid I cannot claim, like most of my fellow-critics, to be inexpressibly shocked and disgusted whenever a *double entendre* is spoken on the stage. To me such quips seem, certainly, a rather dull form of humour, but that is because I invariably fail to grasp their second meanings. A comic character on the stage says something that to me sounds quite simple and innocuous, and behold! I find the whole audience (barring, of course, my fellow-critics, who blush and look furious) going into convulsions of helpless mirth. Long after the laughter has subsided, I sit racking my brains for the cause of it. Finally, I give it up, and find that I have lost the thread of the play. The public's love of the *double entendre* is reprehensible, but there is a fairly plausible excuse for it. In so far as the public is a playgoer, it has put its morality into commission, and it has no compunction in accepting gladly whatever has not been rejected by its own Licensor of Plays. "Our Mr. Redford," it would argue, "was not shocked by that joke. He would not have allowed this French play to be shown us as it was shown to the Parisians, but he felt that a few little touches of impropriety would be no more than we deserve for our kindness in allowing him to exist." I am sure, however, that Mr. Redford, like myself, is unable to detect a *double entendre*. To think of him as detecting one and not obliterating it, passionately, with a blue pencil, is a flight of imagination which I could not even attempt. I could almost as easily think of him as deriving personal enjoyment from these jokes. I doubt very much whether the playwright himself makes these jokes consciously. I am inclined to believe that from the dialogue of every kind of play many double meanings could be extracted, and that they are extracted only in plays like "The Cuckoo" because the public is trying to console itself for the loss of all those other improprieties which, it knows, must have adorned the original French version. I do hope that if ever I am able to see any of these jokes I, as a dramatic critic, shall have the satisfaction of being inexpressibly shocked and disgusted. Otherwise, I shall feel obliged to retire at once from dramatic criticism, lest my colleagues be contaminated.

But for the nuisance of the *double entendre*, I enjoyed "The Cuckoo" very much indeed. Mr. Brookfield is the adaptor, and the play bristles with his peculiar wit. That wit may not be of the finest kind—it is a trifle acrid, and is generally topical, superficial—but of its kind it is the very best. There are in this play lines which only Mr. Brookfield could have written, and extravagant scenes which none could have so deliciously embellished. The burlesque of a public dinner, at the beginning of the second act, is the funniest thing I have seen for a long time. The whole play, indeed, for all the triteness of its plot, is very great fun. Mr. Hawtrey plays the chief part. I have no doubt that by this time he is playing it with his usual composure. When I saw him in it, he seemed for the first time to show signs of effort. This was due to a severe cold—he had to struggle or be inaudible. So accustomed are we to his smooth and easy ways that we are apt to forget that he is acting all the time, and to suspect him (quite unjustly) of walking through his part. The severe cold revealed him to us in a new light. It made us conscious of his art. Mr. Hawtrey should catch cold more often.

There is a rather strange play at the Comedy. A beautiful young lady, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Wildairs,

a sporting baronet, shocks the County by her habit of wearing male attire. As the curtain rises, we see the hall of her father's house. There are sounds of revelry. The baronet is giving a bachelors' dinner, of which his daughter is the life and soul. Sir John Oxon enters, having just come from London to join the house-party. He has made a bet that he will seduce Miss Clorinda Wildairs. His host appears and leads him off to the dining-room. Later, the whole party adjourns to the hall, where Miss Wildairs challenges Sir John to a fencing-match, and beats him. Something decides her to give up male attire for the future. She goes to her bedroom, and presently reappears in proper evening dress. That is Act I. Some time elapses, in which Sir John wins his bet, but becomes engaged to an heiress who shall save him from bankruptcy. He comes down to Sir Geoffrey's place, in order to tell the daughter that he will not marry her. She hears about his engagement before the interview takes place. Enter Lord Dunstanwolde, an elderly man, who offers her his hand. She accepts it reluctantly. As she goes out, she encounters a young Duke, for whom she in her childhood had a kind of hero-worship. Soon we have the scene between her and Sir John. He, so far from being relieved at the calmness with which she accepts his perfidy, is furious that she does not rave and make a scene. His humiliation is complete when the elderly peer enters and announces the betrothal. The young Duke, who had also come to offer her marriage, starts and looks disappointed. That is Act II. Enough time elapses for Lady Dunstanwolde to become a widow, and for Sir John to be jilted by the heiress, and for the Duke to have met Lady Dunstanwolde in the hunting-field. Sir John insists on calling at the house, is furious that she will have nothing to do with him, heaps insults on her, and says he will prevent her from marrying the Duke by divulging her seduction. But he has no proof of that episode—not even a stage-proof. The tress of hair she once gave him was lost in a drunken bout. He is in despair. Opportunely, however, he learns where he can find the tress. He hurries off, leaving an exultant note for Lady Dunstanwolde. She reads it. That is Act III. Lady Dunstanwolde is holding a reception. The blackmailer arrives with the tress and heaps more insults on her. She takes up a hunting-crop and taps him lightly with the butt-end. He falls dead. She is overwhelmed. Pushing forward a large sofa, she conceals the body. She unlocks the door, and receives her guests with false gaiety. That is Act IV. Time enough elapses—yes! there are five Acts—for Lady Dunstanwolde to have hidden the body in a cellar, and for her sister to be dying. The sister tells how she had watched her dragging the body down the steps. While Lady Dunstanwolde tells her side of the story, the Duke enters unobserved. Finally, he comes "down centre" and, unfolding Lady Dunstanwolde in his arms, declares that he would have done the same under similar circumstances. That is the play.

This *précis* does justice to the plot. But you cannot, my readers, know how dull the dialogue is, nor how grotesquely unreal are all the characters, unless—a course which I cannot honestly recommend—you book seats for the Comedy. The play is very beautifully mounted, with all scenery and costumes minutely appropriate to its period. I forgot, by the way, to indicate that its period is not "the present." Such indication would have been superfluous, perhaps. In writing a modern play, an author feels bound to pay some kind of attention to probability, and tries (often failing) to make his characters seem human. In writing a period-play, however, he is apt to feel that such things are of no importance. He reasons lightly thus: human beings do not now wear periwigs; *ergo*, the beings who wore periwigs were not human. And again he argues: some things were possible in the past which are not possible now; *ergo*, in the past all things were possible. I do not suppose that the lady and gentleman who are responsible for the play at the Comedy actually formulated these syllogisms to each other, but I am sure that when they read them here they will detect no fallacy. The eighteenth century is, more than any other, the period which authors consider to be susceptible of any amount of inhumanity and improbability. "*C'était une*

affaire bien étrange—même un peu monstrueuse—le dix-huitième!" said Guillaume Meyer to the Goncourts. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Mr. Stephen Townesend may have had this saying in their mind when they dated their dreadful play "1701 to 1707."

The Puritans were a harsh sect, and, however much we may admire them (with reservations) in perspective, no modern audience would tolerate a play devoted to a realistic presentment of them. The sect has long been absorbed, assimilated, by the nation. Its character has become a part of that much-advertised concern, the Anglo-Saxon race. If any playwright showed it realistically on the stage, every Anglo-Saxon would be either incredulous or indignant. Even if such a play were produced at the Crystal Palace before an audience of Nonconformists—who do, in a very faint, remote way, continue the Puritan tradition—it would probably fall quite flat. Puritanism would seem only repulsive, and it would be impossible to excite in an audience any sympathy with a really Puritan character. On the other hand, it is quite possible to write a play with a realistically Puritan element introduced for the sake of conflict or contrast. This, no doubt, is what Mr. Parker meant to do when he sat down to "The Mayflower." The play, as produced last Monday at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, contained only faint traces of his first intention. The Puritan father of the heroine was hardly a Puritan at all. He was a kindly, convivial, liberal-minded creature, with a taste for Shakespeare's poetry, and his objection to his daughter's marriage with Lord Gervase Carew was based merely on the ground that this worldling's father had, in bygone years, turned him out of house and home. Mr. Parker's original (and better) intention was, I conceive, that the father should be a real Puritan, trying to govern his daughter according to the narrow ideals of his sect; that he should throw the whole weight of his parental authority against her marriage with anyone outside that sect. But Mr. Parker, being a dramatist of genial and sentimental habit, who likes all his important characters to be also loveable, and to whom anything like Puritanism is repulsive, eliminated from the father any traces of real Puritanism and endowed him with all the worldly charms of a very dear old gentleman. This, I think, was a pity. It cheapens and weakens the dramatic conflict in "The Mayflower." One feels that the daughter, in defying her father, is not doing anything tremendous for the sake of her lover and herself, but simply being rather unkind; and one feels that there would be—and subsequently there is—no great difficulty in reconciling the old man to the marriage. Also, one feels that, as this is a play of the Puritan period, with a majority of Puritan characters, it is a pity that all Puritanism has been so carefully kept out of it. Mr. Parker intimates, in his Prologue, that he does not take his plot quite seriously, but that he has tried to give a picture of Pilgrim-Fatherism. I submit to him, in my stolid way, that a playwright who deals with a great romantic episode and wishes to convey a worthy impression of that episode, ought to take his play very seriously indeed, and that, unless he does so, he will fail to convey the worthy impression. The sailing from Plymouth Quay, the first years in the New Land, are among the fine things in history. But Mr. Parker's scene at Plymouth, with its elopement and its comic sea-captain who dances a clog-dance with the waitress of the Bull Inn, seems to me a rather inadequate presentment of those days in which, as Mr. Parker says in the Prologue, "Love watched the Land till Sight was lost in Tears." And, surely, nothing could be much more trivial than the New England scene, with the two comic married couples, and the finding of the young man in the snow. There is some very graceful writing in the play, but, for the rest, little to admire. The whole thing only goes to prove what I have often suggested: that Mr. Parker ought to avoid large romantic themes. I have seen quite enough of his comedies and his romantic plays—both those which he has written with Mr. Carson, and those which he has written alone—to be sure that the gods meant him to write comedies. I do not dictate to him—I do merely present myself to him as the gods' messenger.

MAX.

FINANCE.

SUPERSTITIOUS people who have dealings on the Stock Exchange were naturally somewhat nervous with regard to the recent turn of affairs in connexion with China. They remember that last year began well, and that the trouble about Ta-lien-wan, Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei was the prelude to the general débâcle which began at about this period of the year and made of 1898 one of the most dismal years the stock markets have known for some time. It was not a comforting reflection that the lapse of twelve months had apparently brought us no nearer to a solution of the Chinese question, and that the "Sick Man" of the Far East still retained the position of disturber of the European political situation which in the last few years he has usurped from him of the Near East. Following upon the Muscat incident, the strained relations of this country with Russia arising out of the question of the Newchang railway loan caused real uneasiness and the drop in Consols showed that the uneasiness was greater than most responsible people cared overtly to admit. The one hope, fortified by Mr. Brodrick's statement in the House of Commons on Thursday, was that the newspaper correspondents, after the fashion of their kind, had exaggerated the tension and that, since the far more dangerous questions of Ta-lien-wan and Port Arthur were last year negotiated without open rupture, the question of the control of the extension of the Northern Railway of China into Manchuria could scarcely lead to any important consequences. Nevertheless, if it were not that all the world knows Russia to be unprepared for war in those distant regions as yet, owing to the incomplete state of the trans-Siberian railway and the consequent impossibility of transporting Russian troops to the scene of action, Sir Claude Macdonald's repetition of Great Britain's promise of last year to support China in resistance to the aggressive demands of foreign Powers might have led to a serious crisis. As it is Russia has had to give way, and it is probably the knowledge of her unpreparedness that stimulated our Foreign Office to its by no means customary but not unwelcome display of firmness. With the Paris settlement just concluded and the London mid-March settlement in progress concern at the aspect of political affairs has had a considerable effect and the amount of business transacted during the week has been small, especially when it is compared with the great activity which reigned a few weeks ago. The Settlement just completed shows that there has been a further considerable reduction in the speculative account open and it would seem that the irresponsible outside "punter," who is always one of the most dangerous elements in the market, has been almost completely eliminated. The new account is one of nineteen days and when this fact is taken into consideration the carry-over rates at the Settlement were only a trifle higher than at the last account. Now that Russia has withdrawn her protest the position is therefore favourable, in spite of the ill omen which is usually supposed to be attached to a nineteen account.

Money still remains slightly dearer and supplies have been still further restricted by the revenue collections. The demand in connexion with the Stock Exchange settlement has therefore had rather more effect than usual and many applications have had to be made to the Bank for short loans at the rate of 3 per cent. The upward movement in discount rates continues, day to day advances being charged from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. and the three months' rate being as high as $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the early part of the week the demand for gold for Germany and Japan was still apparent, but all the supplies necessary were easily obtained in the open market, the outflow of £288,000 from the Bank of England during the week being mainly accounted for by the expansion in the country circulation and by the export of gold to South America. The Bank of England return on Thursday, beyond a large reduction of £2,021,000 in "other" deposits, due to the revenue collections, showed no important change. The reserve is nearly half a million lower than last week, but it is still well above the level of last year at the same period, and the

proportion of reserve to liabilities has increased $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It is the monetary position in America which alone causes some uneasiness. The return of the New York banks on Saturday last showed a decrease of \$5,756,775 in the surplus reserve and the belief that this represented the beginning of the tight money period which has long been anticipated caused an all-round decline in American stocks. There are not wanting authorities, however, who maintain that the fears of dear money in the United States have been exaggerated and who prophesy that such reactions as may occur in the values of American securities will be only slight and temporary.

In Stock Exchange parlance there is nothing to go for in the Home Railway Market at the present time, and the only point of interest during the week has been in Great Centrals. It was expected that the opening of the Great Central new line for passenger service on Thursday would impart some strength to the various securities of the company, but the announcement that the 1894 Ordinary Stock and the Five per Cent. Preference would now be automatically converted into the existing Preferred and Deferred issues exercised a depressing influence. The market opinion of the Great Central extension is that whilst it will do great service in opening up certain important districts and may seriously diminish the profits of the other great lines serving the North of England, the dividend outlook for the company itself is unpromising in view of the fact that it has increased its capital by some seven or eight millions since 1891. The interest in Districts has now died out to a considerable extent, no further information being forthcoming with regard to the negotiations for the sale of the company to the South-Eastern and Great Western, but although the price has fallen away slightly from the highest point recently touched, the big rise of the past two or three months is well maintained at 39½. This is not only a sign that the negotiations are probably proceeding satisfactorily, but also that the considerations we have already urged have now been taken into account. The present price would seem to be quite high enough, even granted a favourable issue to the negotiations between the companies, in view of the delay which must ensue before any scheme that is agreed upon can be carried into effect. On Thursday, in consequence of the Chinese trouble, most Home Railway securities, after a more severe fall, closed from ½ to ¾ lower, and in view of the continued very satisfactory increases in traffic receipts the present would seem to be undoubtedly a favourable time to buy these stocks for investment purposes. The Great Western again heads the list with a gross increase of £12,530, making an aggregate increase during the first two months of the present year of nearly £46,000. The North-Western increase of £11,517 brings its total increase for the eight weeks to £37,772. It is, however, the Midland, in spite of the Great Central competition bogey, which is the most prosperous of all the companies. It reports an increase for last week of £8,387, making a total increase since the beginning of the year of £68,817, and the North-Eastern follows next with a total increase of £57,000. The Great Northern, which is expected to suffer most from the opening of the Great Central extension, has also done exceedingly well hitherto, having increased its receipts during January and February by an aggregate of £34,000. It will be interesting and important to watch the course of the traffic receipts of the Great Northern, the Midland and the London and North-Western companies now that the Great Central extension is to be opened to passenger traffic. For the guidance of investors it may be repeated that the Home Railway stocks which give the highest yield in interest at present prices and on the basis of last year's results are Brighton "A," Midland Deferred and Great Northern Deferred.

After a pronounced relapse, due to the fears of dearer money in New York, an improvement in the monetary outlook led to a revival on Thursday in American Rails, London itself at the lower level of prices established having begun to interest itself again in this department. It is, in fact, stated, not only that the arrival of securities

in the United States from Europe has now entirely ceased, but that the current has set slightly the other way. In any case, however, this market is likely to be irregular for some time to come, realisations causing relapses followed by an influx of fresh buyers at the lower prices. Should the rosy anticipations now being indulged in on the other side of the Atlantic with regard to the future of the money market in New York be realised, whilst we do not anticipate any general rise above the level of prices now established, it is fairly certain that there will be no great reaction at any time unless serious political troubles occur or there should be any labour difficulties in America. The bull position in New York is no doubt enormous, but it is also strong in consequence of the great prosperity of the States and only a severe pinch in the monetary position can apparently effectively assail it. The movement in favour of a combination of the coal lines in order to raise the price of coal to a more remunerative level is gathering strength and active negotiations are apparently proceeding with this end in view. Some outcry is being raised on behalf of the consumers against the proposed combination, but this is not likely to be a serious obstacle to its formation, for the consumer can scarcely demand that he should be able to buy his coal at a price which leaves no profit whatever to those who produce and carry it. Dividends on the stocks of the coal lines have long been absent, on account of the cutting of prices, and it is a mere measure of self-defence that these companies should combine in order to raise prices to a level which will leave them a margin of profit.

In the Industrial Market there has been a good deal of activity, the event of the week having been the report of Vickers, Son and Maxim, Limited. The price of Vickers shares has fluctuated considerably, and the market has apparently not yet made up its mind whether to consider the report as extremely favourable or not. Last year Vickers £1 Ordinary shares at one time stood as low as 2½ and this year they have been quoted at 4½. The highest price touched this year has been 6½, which is about their present price. The report announces that the total profit for 1898 was £185,000, which after paying the Preference interest allows a distribution of 2s. per share on the Ordinary shares. With the interim dividend paid last August this is equivalent to a distribution of 15 per cent. for the year, and if this were all the shares would at present be considerably over-priced. The directors have, however, decided to convert £250,000 of the reserve fund into Ordinary capital of the company and to effect this 250,000 new Ordinary shares are to be created and offered pro rata to the shareholders at par, in the proportion of one new share for every four shares held. At the same time the £250,000 from the reserve fund will be distributed as a special bonus of 5s. per share to the shareholders, to provide the sum necessary for the purchase of the new shares. On the basis of the present market price each Vickers share after the increase of capital will be worth £5 and the new issue to the shareholders may therefore be considered to be equivalent to the distribution of a bonus of £1 5s. per share. Deducting this from the present price the yield to the investor will only be 3 per cent. on the basis of last year's profits, and since the business is one especially liable to fluctuation, we are of opinion that the price of the shares is at present quite high enough, if not too high.

The annual report and the valuation returns of the Star Life Assurance Society tell a sorry story. The new business shows a decrease, the total premiums a much smaller increase than usual, and the claims are very much heavier. The expenses take the large proportion of 16·76 per cent. of the premiums, no less than 10·84 per cent. of which goes for commission alone. With regard to the valuation the only good feature is that 3 per cent. is assumed in valuing the liabilities instead of 3½ per cent. but even this does not put the company into a really strong position. In spite of a margin of 2s. 10d. per cent. more from interest than in 1893 the position of the society is really weaker than then, for 2s. 10d. per cent. upon the funds only yields a contribution of £6,650 to surplus above that yielded in

1893, whilst on the other hand the loading will yield something like 7¼ per cent. of the premiums less than it did five years ago and this amounts to over £40,000, thus giving as a rough test £33,000 less profit than resulted from the 1893 conditions. Hence the 3 per cent. basis has done nothing to improve the real position of the company as compared with its status five years ago. The surplus is not merely much less than before but has to be distributed among an increased amount of assurances, the net result being a 50 per cent. reduction in the bonus without the advantage of a stronger financial and bonus-earning position. The Star has grown rapidly in recent years, but the facts here quoted would surely moderate its rate of progress save for one not quite pleasant consideration. The Star receives a large amount of business from other offices, either declined or re-assured risks, and to judge by the past some managers are content to send assurances to the Star because of the very big commission that it pays, heedless of the fact that by so doing they are neglecting the best interests of their clients.

The figures of the Prudential Life Assurance Company's accounts are big, but they are sound and call for little criticism. But a word may be said respecting the way in which the dividends and bonuses to shareholders are dealt with in the account. The schedule to the Life Assurance Companies Act calls for an item in the Revenue Account, "dividends and bonuses to shareholders, if any," and although it is an undoubted fact that the Ordinary branch of the Prudential contributes to the shareholders, no such item appears in the Revenue Account of the "ordinary" branch. There is however an item each year of "amount transferred to the Industrial branch, being proportion of profits," which is deducted from the funds at the beginning of the year, and tabulated in the Appendix to the Board of Trade Returns as "adjustment of funds." Whether this is a contribution to the shareholders pure and simple or not, it seems unquestionable that it is paid away by the Ordinary branch without any further consideration being received for it than the limitation of the expenses to 10 per cent. of the premiums, and such purely superfluous benefit as is derived by the Guarantee of the shareholders' capital. We cannot but think that the Board of Trade might well insist upon the contributions made to the proprietors by the Ordinary branch being clearly shown. It is in fact almost impossible to ascertain what these contributions are except on the supposition that they are the amounts transferred to the Industrial branch. The fact is the directors of the Prudential are very chary of telling the public much about the shareholders' dividends. It is well known that the proprietors receive and deserve enormous dividends, but exactly how much they receive from the Ordinary branch is by no means obvious.

Another point in connexion with the Prudential is that whereas formerly the assets of the Ordinary branch yielded a better rate of interest than the assets of the Industrial branch the reverse is now the case. The Ordinary funds in 1898 yielded £3 5s. 8d. per cent. and the Industrial £3 9s. 1d. and the proprietors, who include the managers and directors to a large extent, get a much bigger proportion of profit from the Industrial fund. It may be all right but it looked better the other way. We are also rather curious to learn the cause of the chorus of congratulation that goes up on the publication of each Prudential report. As regards policy-holders in the Ordinary branch it means that some gratification is to be found in the fact that over half a million people have assured to much less advantage than they might have done. Comparing a little office, like the Marine and General, which charges very similar premiums and gives bonuses on the same plan, with the big Prudential, we find the premiums per £1,000 and the annual bonuses come out very much in favour of the smaller company. For our part we think it would be a greater cause for congratulation to find fewer policy-holders in the Prudential and a larger number in offices giving better results.

With the Paris settlement satisfactorily concluded and the main details of the settlement here arranged, the South African market was ripe for a further upward movement had not the Chinese difficulty intervened. During the past account the elimination of the weak speculative element from this market had proceeded and has been practically completed, as the state of the account at the carry-over on Tuesday showed. Shares are now practically all held in strong hands, that is to say, either by the big financial houses, who know better than anyone else the value of the shares they hold, or by individual investors who have made a study of the South African mining industry and are therefore also in a position to avoid those shares which are already over-valued and to purchase those which still offer room for considerable improvement on their merits. The lower prices resulting from the recent slight reaction have brought forward a number of further buyers and as soon as the latest Chinese scare is out of the way a resumption of activity and a further upward movement in this department may be anticipated. The position is actually so sound that it is a pity wild rumours should be circulated which can lead only to disappointment. Such a one is the statement that the Transvaal Government is considering the possibility of cancelling the dynamite monopoly. No sober observer could suppose for a moment that the Government would or could take such a step. The Lippert concession has still some seven years to run and it is folly to suppose that with the powerful influence it has at its back it would be possible even on the ground of breach of the agreement with the Government to cancel the concession. Although there is no truth in this particular rumour, however, we are able to state that there is at present a proposal before the Transvaal Government for buying out the monopolists on behalf of the mining industry, and although it would be premature to suppose that there is much chance of the proposal being accepted, it is certain that a firm offer has been made and that if it is accepted the conditions will be very much more favourable to the mining industry than those under which dynamite is at present supplied. Moreover our private advices are to the effect that the relations between the Government of the South African Republic and the mining industry, that is to say, with the big financial houses which control the industry, have very considerably improved during the past few months. The importance of this rapprochement, which we have every reason to believe is real and permanent, can scarcely be over-estimated, for the good will of the Government towards the mining industry, in place of the somewhat jealous attitude it has adopted in the past, cannot fail to have an immediate effect upon the prosperity of the mines. Probably the first result of this change of attitude will be to facilitate the settlement of the bewaarplaatsen question, and it is to this factor that we attribute the recent sudden and considerable advance in the price of Crown Reef shares, this company having a large holding of bewaarplaatsen and "water right" claims.

The February crushings of the Witwatersrand mines, so far as already announced, are not quite so good as in previous months, even after allowance has been made for the shortness of the month. The falling off is, however, slight and is attributable only to the natural variation in the yield. The Rose Deep produced only 15,427 oz. with a profit of £26,280, as against 17,304 oz. and a profit of £32,000 in January. The Crown Deep, however, is now at work with its full mill and with 200 stamps produced last month 12,353 oz. giving a profit of £23,550, as against 13,460 oz. and a profit of £19,550 with 180 stamps in January. The Crown Deep has been rather disappointing in its results so far just as the Geldenhuis Deep was disappointing, but like the latter mine it is gradually retrieving its position and will soon, no doubt, realise all that is expected of it. During the week there have been no notable developments with regard to the positions of the various companies except in the case of the Violet Consolidated. The result of the poll taken at the meeting of the shareholders last week was declared to be in favour of the Henderson scheme of reconstruction, to which we referred a fortnight ago,

by a large majority, but it is stated that a large number of the proxies which were counted in favour of the Henderson scheme represented shares which now belong to shareholders opposed to it. Much dissatisfaction has been caused amongst the shareholders by the extraordinary tactics of the board of the Violet Company and legal proceedings have been taken by two of the shareholders, to quash the resolutions for reconstruction and to obtain an injunction to restrain the directors from carrying them into effect. A meeting of the shareholders has been called for Tuesday next at which it is proposed to appoint a committee to take such steps as may be necessary to reverse or counteract the recent proceedings. An important item of news with regard to the Mozambique Company is that Major Arnold, formerly commanding the Royal Niger Company's constabulary, is now on his way to Beira to take up an official position in connexion with the Mozambique Company. As Inspector-General of Exploitations he will in fact represent the English Committee, and with a French officer representing the French shareholders, will form part of the local committee which is to assist the Governor in the administration of the territory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A WONDER OF THE BIRD-WORLD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Limes, Elmstead, Colchester,
5 March, 1899.

SIR,—With reference to your very able and interesting article in your last issue on Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's volume, permit me to say that one statement in it may prove misleading. It is said that the cuckoo "places in that selected nest an egg strangely similar, *in all save size*, to the eggs already there." This misses one of the most remarkable things about the cuckoo in its deposition of eggs in other birds' nests. In some cases the eggs are very unlike those of the birds among which they are put; very dark lark-like eggs are found along with very light eggs; blue eggs, like those of the hedge-accentor and the redstart, are found among the brown blotched ones of other birds. My old friend Canon Tristram has found a blue egg among the plain (brown) eggs of the nightingale! Professor A. Newton, in explanation of this, has tried to show that some birds are much less *touchy* about meddling with their nests and eggs than others are—that the cuckoos have some conception of this, and, in cases of *touchy* birds, make a great effort to match the eggs; whereas others are much more easygoing—the *accentor*, for instance; and in its nest beside its own pale blue eggs will often be found the brown blotched eggs of the cuckoo, both "lighter and darker." The cuckoo may, nay doubtless does, often fail to find the proper nest ready for it, and then it is compelled to drop its egg where it can. Blue eggs of the cuckoo are often found beside the blue eggs of the redstart; and in this case so absolutely matched often are they that even in size they scarcely differ; and Mr. E. Bidwell told me of a clutch in his possession, containing a cuckoo's egg that even an expert field ornithologist like the late Mr. John Hancock would not accept for a cuckoo's egg till after most minute examination, and having pointed out to him some almost invisible small fly-spots at the one end—a characteristic of certain blue cuckoos' eggs, as noticed especially by Mr. Seebohm in his notes on the cuckoos' eggs in the collection of the famous Herr Pralle (of Hildesheim), as published in Mr. Dresser's valuable volumes on Birds.

Another wonderful thing about the cuckoo is that it is *almost* the only bird that finds in the "Woolly Bears," or larvæ of the Tiger-moth (*Arctia Caja*), a very favourite delicious morsel, managing by a particular device and habit to get rid of the hairs. Mr. Grant Allen, in an article "False Pretences," No. II. of a series in the "Strand Magazine" for February, 1899, is guilty of the error of saying *unqualifiedly* that no bird would touch the "Woolly Bear," and even founding an argument.

on it. Lord Lilford, on the contrary, made it a very strong argument against March cuckoos that not till the middle of April or thereabout at earliest was the cuckoo's staple food ready—"Woolly Bears"—which till then hide and hibernate. I know of but one other bird that tackles hairy caterpillars, and that is the magpie; but he does not bolt them right off like the cuckoo; he patiently picks off and rubs off the hairs, and then swallows his prize, turning up his head as though he were drinking and thanking Heaven for the succulent boon! This I have myself witnessed in a wood I am fond of lying and loafing in in good weather; so you may take it from me that I am right, and that when Mr. Grant Allen has both the cuckoo and the magpie clearly against him on this point, he needs to revise a wee, revise a wee that his readers may not have some things to unlearn.

The young cuckoo usually begins its work of trying to turn out the legitimate young birds on the second or third day.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

[We can forgive Mr. Japp his misquotation for the interest of his letter; but he has omitted the qualifying words. The sentence ran:—"... She sometimes—though far from always—places in that selected nest an egg strangely similar in all save size to the eggs already there." No one with the least knowledge of the cuckoo could take exception to this statement. By taking no account of the italicised words Mr. Japp missed the sense.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Harringay, N., 4 March.

SIR,—I venture to doubt the accuracy of the story told by Dr. Jenner, as repeated by Mrs. Blackburn and others, that the young cuckoo ejects his foster-brothers from the nest. The writer of the article (who thinks that Dr. Sharpe's book has not been put together in vain, because, forsooth, he has established the truth of this "wonder of the bird world") proves nothing, but simply repeats certain "facts" which have already been repeated hundreds of times with all the splendid dogmatism of that very conscientious creature, the "observer." Professor Arthur Thomson, F.R.S.E., among other modern writers, records the fable in such a manner as to lead one to believe that he had actually witnessed the cuckoo's clever feat. Of course, he never did see anything of the sort. Darwin gives the story in his "Origin of Species." He adopted the "trustworthy account" from Mr. Gould, the bird-painter, who in his turn had adopted it from a lady artist, the result being that the lady, whose artistic powers were already sufficiently vivid, repudiated responsibility for the details ("Nature," vol. ix. p. 123). The evidence adduced in the SATURDAY REVIEW will not satisfy me. I want the proof in nature—as well as in black and white. I want attested facts, and not hearsay. Why cannot we have a few photographs of the young cuckoo at his work? There will soon be plenty of cuckoos in the country, so that it should not be a difficult thing to catch at least one such bird acting in the manner so minutely described by Jenner.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

THE INCREASING COST OF THE ARMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, E.C., 9 March.

SIR,—Plain truths suit plain people and it is high time for the British public to consider whether it is getting an adequate return for the ever-increasing cost of its Army.

The Estimates for the ensuing year show an increase of £5,000,000 sterling over those of 1879 and in order to justify this the Army should be stronger by some 70,000 men. But what do we find? In 1879 the total number of men serving with the colours was in round numbers 200,000: both classes of the Reserve numbered 46,000: and the Militia 137,000: total 383,000 men. There were then no "specials" in the ranks.

We have recently been officially informed that on 1 January, 1899 the number of men serving with the

colours was 222,373: Reserve 78,798: and the Militia 107,753: total 408,924. This shows an apparent increase of nearly 26,000 men; but eliminate the "specials," who are of no earthly use for present purposes, and we are not so well off as we were in 1879.

With regard to recruiting, to the uninitiated the past year would appear to have been a singularly good one: but when we consider that of the 38,416 men accepted 33 per cent. were "specials," 4,474 were Reservists, that returned deserters were included: when we consider that of the total number of men presenting themselves for enlistment 35 per cent. were rejected as medically unfit for service we are forced to the conclusion that the terms offered by the Government for service in the Army fail to attract the manhood of the nation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY KING.

WEST AFRICAN ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 February, 1899.

SIR,—Having spent the greater part of the last forty-eight years in West Africa, and knowing it intimately from Gorée to the Congo, I can fully endorse every word that Miss Kingsley has said or written on the evils of the present system of government in the British colonies there, in three of which I have resided, as well as in the Niger Coast Protectorate. Since you were good enough to insert my letters last summer I have revisited both Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, and am about to do so again. If time and space permitted, I could astound your readers with facts regarding existing abuses, the arbitrary and oppressive system of misgovernment, the unjust and improper treatment of loyal and well-disposed natives, as well as the incapacity, indifference, and tyrannical conduct—not to put too fine a point upon it—of certain officials, although there are many honourable exceptions.

The entire present system of administration in our West African possessions is unsound, and the sooner a drastic and radical change is effected the better it will be for all concerned. As Miss Kingsley has truly stated and you have admitted, the sole *raison d'être* of our West African colonies is a commercial one. No one has studied the West African question so thoroughly and conscientiously as Miss Kingsley, and no one living has a better right to be heard on the subject, her statements and conclusions are most valuable, and it would be well if greater attention were paid to them, both at the Colonial and Foreign Offices—more especially the former.

Miss Kingsley has said that the French know far better how to deal with West African races than we do: this remark I can confirm after upwards of twenty years' residence in French Congo.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANGLO-AFRICAN.

THE NEW VIEW OF ILLNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you enter a protest against the tone of some of the cabled messages with regard to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's illness. It has become the reigning fashion among literary people to affect a sanguine, buoyant, vigorous tone about life, as if this apparent life were alone worthy a true man's consideration, this life with all its pleasures and activities, and as if any other way of considering existence were only worthy of priests or weaklings. A dangerous illness, when the victim is a popular author of this school, is therefore not to be regarded in the old-fashioned way as a scene recalling to mind the weakness of man, however distinguished, pope or poet, and his utter dependence on the Divine Will, but as an heroic struggle of the individual against a common enemy of the race called Death, who may be defeated by a sufficiently gallant resistance. Many of the messages sent on this occasion might have reference to an officer bravely holding against Afghans or Dervishes an outlying fort of great strategic importance. There is—to me at least—something at once ridiculous and impious about this kind of view. I expect soon to see, as a "heading," "Great Victory over Death by Rudyard Kipling."—I am, &c.

B. H. H.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

"A History of English Dramatic Literature to the death of Queen Anne." By Adolphus William Ward. 3 vols. London: Macmillan 1899.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a well-known and useful work and it has certainly been fortunate for Dr. Ward's reputation as well as for his readers that he has had an opportunity of correcting the extraordinary blunders and inaccuracies which deform the first edition of this History. If there are some writers who like Iago are nothing if they are not critical, so there are some writers who are even less than nothing if they are not exact and trustworthy in their facts. It is doing Dr. Ward no injustice to say that his power does not lie in the higher walks of criticism and that his parts do not qualify him to atone for deficiencies as a compiler and chronicler by brilliant and illuminating exegesis and commentary. Those deficiencies he has now supplied. All that industry can do Dr. Ward has done, and a work more comprehensively illustrative of conscientious pedantry—we are using the word in the complimentary sense—could never gladden a professorial eye. Tennyson oddly compared reading Ben Jonson to wading in glue, the perusal of Dr. Ward's book may be compared to wallowing in sawdust. A style absolutely without distinction, jejune, inharmonious and lifeless, modelled apparently on that horror of horrors,—the average Academic German monograph; intolerable prolixity arising partly from an honest but unhappy desire to leave nothing unsaid about anything, partly from a constitutional tendency to revel in trifles and partly, we suspect, from the pardonable vanity of displaying learning. If, we cannot but add, the latter motive had any influence with Dr. Ward he would do well to remember that the days are past when references and citations are any indications of erudition. When Gibbon or even Buckle astonished their readers, as Dr. Ward so plainly affects to do, by the learning displayed in their references and citation, it was genuine learning, the result of independent research and study. In these days the conditions under which writers work are very different. A man has only to consult say the British Museum Catalogue and he will find at his disposal an exhaustive list of the books and pamphlets which bear directly or collaterally on his subject. If he wishes to out-Gibbon Gibbon and out-Buckle Buckle in the astonishing extent of his apparent reading and information his task is simple. He has merely to transcribe the titles which he finds—(having glanced perhaps at the prefaces)—in the form of footnotes, and the thing is done. In this detestable form of charlatanry the writers of Academic monographs and theses are the chief offenders. The one way now open for a scholar to display learning is not to parade what he professes to have read but to have assimilated and digested it. It is in his critical remarks and above all in his generalisations that a writer in these days must establish his claim even to erudition. Dr. Ward is a scholar whose honesty is above suspicion and we need hardly say that we quite absolve him from any such imputation as we have indicated. We certainly wish that he had displayed some of the higher qualities of the historian and the critic, that in plodding so laboriously through minutiae and details he had not lost sight of his subject as a whole and that instead of epitomising monographs and current critiques he had had something—and something of value—to add to them. But that he has not done. The evolution of our drama remains in Dr. Ward's book practically an untold story. Of its origin indeed, of the steps through which it passed successively into the Mystery, the Miracle, the Morality and the Interlude he gives a connected and excellent account, an account which leaves little to be desired. But of the origin of the Romantic Drama, of the steps by which it developed in its various phases into the later Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan drama he gives no connected account at all. It might have been expected that he would have shown in what way and to what

extent it had been affected by the Ancient Classical drama and by the Italian vernacular drama of the Renaissance, how far it may be regarded as a development of the Mysteries, Moralities and Interludes, how far it may be attributed to the direct influence of the tragedies and comedies of the ancient stage and of modern Italy. It might have been expected that he would show what it owed to the historical conditions under which it expanded and in what manner it was directly affected by contemporary events and that he would have commented on the relative influence exercised on Shakespeare by his predecessors and particularly Marlowe, Greene, and Lyly. But of all this he has little or nothing to say and his narrative resolves itself into little more than a reproduction of Baker's "Biographia Dramatica" brought up to date, in other words into reviews of particular plays and of particular authors. Originality and critical insight are unhappily not characteristics of Dr. Ward, and as he is dealing with well-known subjects and has nothing new to advance about them, his highest praise is simply that of an industrious compiler.

Dr. Ward has, it is plain, anxiously endeavoured to keep pace with recent investigations, but not always with success. Thus he appears to be quite unaware of Mr. P. A. Daniel's discovery that the plot of Greene's "James IV." is taken from a novel of Cinthio. Mere errors in Dr. Ward's work are surprisingly rare and this is the more creditable to him considering the immense extent covered by it. But when he asserts that there "was no genuine English translation of a Greek play in the sixteenth century or long afterwards" he forgets that Peele translated one of the "Iphigenias" of Euripides. Occasionally Dr. Ward contents himself with second-hand information which he has not taken the trouble to verify and which leads him into serious error, as when he tells us that Marlowe left behind him "a paraphrase for such it is rather than a translation of Musæus' *Hero and Leander*." If Dr. Ward had turned to the Greek poem, so absurdly attributed to Musæus, he would have seen that Marlowe neither translates nor paraphrases, but simply tells independently and in his own way, the story. In the long and singularly confused as well as superfluous note on the famous passage in Aristotle's "Poetic" relative to the *katharsis*, Dr. Ward attributes to Jacob Bernays an interpretation which had been given long ago by Twining and is indeed a commonplace in Aristotelian criticism.

But we must do justice to the merits of Dr. Ward's work. He has undertaken a work for which his abilities and attainments hardly qualify him, but as a compilation and book of reference it is entitled to high praise; it is a mine of information about the antiquities of the English drama, about the contributors and contributions to that drama and about the works which have thrown light on its history. It is a skilful and succinct epitome of information, which if uncollected and unconcentrated the student would have to gather from innumerable sources. If, like the Peace of Amiens in Sheridan's phrase, this work is one of those things of which "everybody will be glad and nobody can be proud" the least that can be said for it is that all libraries with any pretensions to completeness ought to find a place for it on their shelves.

THE ROMAN IDEA.

"Rome in the Middle Ages." Ferdinand Gregorovius. Vol. VI. Translated by Miss Annie Hamilton. London: George Bell and Sons. 1898.

FEW historical studies are so interesting as tracing the persistence of Rome's imperishable tradition of secular or spiritual dominion. The records of the Empire, ancient or mediæval, contain, embrace, and account for all those minor national histories, of which it was delivered with pain and reluctance. To understand this ideal, above all to sympathise with it, is to enter into the innermost secret of European development and civilisation. Ancient classical institutions are municipal, not national, nor even racial. A nexum of federation for a wearied age, must therefore be sought in the self-sacrificing effacement of a single city-state;

which while freely affording a home and a common centre to all, despoiled herself of that isolation and independence on which the whole municipal fabric depends; and beyond which none of the gifted seers of Greek political idealism ever glanced. Rome is the pelican, feeding its young with its own life-blood—if we may adopt the picturesque Realism, which tells us that cities and states have a continuous, semi-conscious, transcendent existence, apart from the aggregate of their members—Heraclitus' *λόγος*, one and undying, among the ceaseless flow or illusion of phenomena. Rome has never been her own again, since the success of the beneficent scheme of Augustus. She has paid, if we may continue this innocent allegory, the penalty in full for her wars of aggression, or for the avarice of her satraps. Because she was the mistress of the world by the confession of all, she has never since governed herself; and has become the prey, first of provincial generals, then of Barbarian mercenaries, of Gothic kings, of Byzantine exarchs, of supreme pontiffs, of Frank and Swabian chieftains, of German barons; a prize so torn in the struggle as to become a mere heap of ruins, by the faction of foreign-born patrician and native plebeian, and the assault of audacious and impious brigands. We see her, in complete diffidence of herself, appeal tearfully and persistently to her two foreign and absent lords, Pope and Emperor; and finally losing all self-respect she abandons her last vestiges of municipal liberty to the welcome absolutism of the Pope.

But this personification is perhaps unwarrantable intrusion of poetic sentiment into the sphere of sober fact. Is there, in any sense, a continuous life of the Roman people? a pendent question to the problem, are the modern Hellenes true descendants of the ancient Greeks? We, to-day, shut up within the immobile barriers of strict nationality, knowing little of wider interests or ideals, thrilled on rare occasions by the tentative vellicities of a Tsar's message, or a democratic poet's dream of Freedom, Federation and the Parliament of man—fail to understand the torrent of new races that swept away every sense of national distinction, the rapid transit and precarious tenure of these victorious hosts, the quick extinction of old families and obliteration of old landmarks. We forget the nomadic indifference to locality of a vagrant population, the decay of agriculture, and the unchecked reign of the robber; a description true enough of all Europe during the ages of transition, but especially true of Italy whither the hopes of the ambitious, or the lustful eyes of the greedy, naturally turned. So it is a poetical figure, no more, to endure the Roman commonwealth and people with a continuous life, and almost with self-consciousness. What was imperishable was the Idea; only under the magic influence of Rome could this welter find harmony and peace. It is singular and significant, this potency of ideas in a rough, self-seeking age of rude violence. "We are far less open to them to-day; we are half afraid, half ashamed, of sentiment and abstractions; and life becoming sober and secure feels much less the glamour of romance.

The fourteenth century covered by these present volumes of Gregorovius is perhaps the most singular epoch in Roman history. The city, deserted by the Popes, lacerated by faction, was a dust-heap of antique memories: yet it was visited from time to time by the impotent shadows of Cæsar, Henry VII., Lewis IV., Charles IV., entering amid the plaudits and leaving amid the gibes of a fickle populace; and even in its loneliness and degradation it could proudly confer or withhold the *Dominium* or signory, by which alone the Pontiff acquired a temporal jurisdiction. No art, no architecture, no literature; nothing but the well-matched and desultory discord of a few hundred nobles and a few thousand beggars, who in the interval of the pangs of hunger might still remember that they represented the majesty of world-wide sovereignty. The century preceding had witnessed the overthrow of one complementary truth in the mediæval Idea, the Imperial dignity and pre-eminence; the victorious Papacy was to follow the same path of humiliation, first in exile, in vassalage to French kings; next, in its own sedition and schism; and finally, in wholesome but painful subordination to a General Council. Rome, thus left by her two rival overlords, who were yearly growing more contemptible, herself

possessed no means of repairing their loss. She had neither capable nobles, nor a united and industrious populace. Neither feudalism nor a commonwealth could find peace there. The patrician power was finally broken by the unexpected victories of Cola or his generals; and the plebeians, though boastful of their glorious traditions, yet understood nothing of the self-control necessary for free institutions, and after brief and unhappy trials at self-government, turned their eyes with pathetic helplessness beyond the Alps, and prayed for a foreign ruler or a foreign senator, anyone who was not disqualified by Roman birth. After Cola's short and visionary revival of the claims of Roman democracy, the city, decayed past all recognition, hailed with delight the return of a Colonna, Martin V., and viewed with indifference the inevitable abolition of civic freedom. So far as Rome is concerned, there is nothing to chronicle but ruin; the successive disappearance of every ideal which gave it dignity, of every tie which held it to the past. Even Cola's dramatic achievement had a purely negative result; to show that the Roman people were unable to rule themselves while they claimed to rule the world; and that Italy was, as now, incapable of real or lasting national unity.

Thus the realism of the mediæval mind, the worship of abstractions, ends in widespread disillusion. In the middle of the fourteenth century by the fall of Cola we are brought down at once from the romantic sphere of potent Ideals to everyday life. Empire and Papacy seem mere chimeras; and in both, a claim to universal dominion gives place to a less brilliant but more useful local consolidation of influence. The future of the civilised West depends no longer on the magic of abstract conceptions; but upon the nominalist worship of individuality and spontaneous impulse—found alike in the unscrupulous Italian despot, the classical scholar, the religious reformer or mystic, and the subjective philosopher, who starts from self-consciousness and a free personality. In a word, the centripetal tendency gives way to the Protestant and centrifugal aberration from unity and authority; against which the stream of time (working only in recurrent circles and in no straight line of progress) in our own day is again beginning to set strongly. This process of disillusion, the distrust of lofty sentiment and of our neighbour's honesty, set the world at the feet of genius—the "Prince" of Machiavelli, the condottieri, Hawkwood, Braccio (who reigns in Rome with a few hundred lances for seventy days), Sforza; mounted him on the papal throne in Cossa, John XXIII.; and though a Council depose him for obvious lack of taste, the wearied and admiring public opinion welcomes in the audacious and unprincipled adventurer the highest type of human character, and throws over (in the south of Europe perhaps for ever) the odious domination of the moral law. But in this age we have not reached any reconstructive attempt even of egoism; all is bankruptcy and disappointment; the old centres of authority are discredited and man has not yet found himself again.

The history of the divisions of Germany and Italy, both till lately "geographical expressions," can probably best be explained by the analogy of the Feudal Manor. In both the ultimate source of authority was the complex Imperial system, whether one preferred to lay stress on the divine prerogative of the Pope, or the free election of a Cæsar; or possibly revived the almost obsolete claims of the Roman people. But these rights and pretensions (not being local but nominally universal, and acknowledged the more readily because so rarely reinforced by a strong hand) bear no little resemblance to the claims of a "manor in gross." The copyholders became enfranchised; the uncertainty of lineal and hereditary succession to estates is removed by the disuse or abolition of heriots; the long absence of the lord and his merely formal demands (payment of a trifling quit rent or attendance at an infrequent seigniorial court) have turned the customary tenants into practical freeholders; and right of user or prescription, or perhaps neglect, has assured against interference the position of the audacious "squatter" on the waste. The once paramount overlord and owner of the whole soil has become a negligible quantity—a distant suzerain, with a title to respect and the first place, but nothing

more. If we add to this that both Pope and Emperor were elected, and that neither sat by right of birth, we shall understand the gradual defeudation of the ecclesiastical or secular fiefs, held by the greater vassals in Germany; and the revival of classical city-life throughout northern and central Italy, whether ruled by an oligarchy or by noble and plebeian despots. In this fourteenth century the emperors had lost control of the Germanic duchies, in their prolonged or unsuccessful Italian expeditions; and they had been beaten out of Italy. The Pope (as Abbot Joachim had foreseen) had been forced in the very hour of victory to abdicate and become a vassal of France and an exile from Italy; where the Patrimony scarcely recognised his sway, and even Rome conferred the Dominium as a favour and with increasing reluctance. A possible union on a national basis was thwarted in both countries by the vast fabric and insignificant reality of the Papal-Imperial Ideal, by the local independence of titular vassals, and by the frequent interregna in the continuity of supreme power, whether in Church or State. Rome itself, the deserted centre round which these tangled and disorderly meshes are woven and unwoven, ceases to be the capital of Europe; and reappears in history as the chief town of an Italian principality; for Martin V. (1417) inaugurates a new era, and after him there are very few foreign Popes. It is interesting to note the lasting results of this disintegrating principle; for the unity of Germany and Italy, the triumphant achievement of the memorable year 1870, is by no means an accomplished fact; and it would be rash to prophesy that no new surprises await us in these loosely bound federations of jealous States or rival cities. The volumes of Gregorovius coloured by frequent reflections on the condition of modern Italy and her capital, must certainly be reckoned among the most valuable and readable records of the Middle Age; and in the excellent translation of Miss Hamilton we give them a welcome on behalf of English readers. For the contest between the spiritual and the secular is by no means closed; the prize has not yet been awarded; and the political student must estimate the future in the ambiguous light of the lessons of the past.

THE STORY OF THE STATES—TRUE AND UNTRUE.

"A Short History of the United States." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899.

"The Story of the Revolution." By Henry Cabot Lodge. London: Constable. 1899.

"American History told by Contemporaries." Vol. II. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. London: Macmillan. 1899.

IF we are to be surfeited with American history, as seems probable, it is to be hoped that the historians will take their task more seriously than Mr. McCarthy. The modest preface which he offers has an air of sincerity, and therefore tends to disarm criticism; the work itself, however, is not essentially sincere. In its form, no doubt, it exhibits a certain dexterity of handling; the more picturesque incidents of American history are touched with deftness; as a story it is smooth and readable. Yet it is not a serious contribution to the history of America, and this because of its onesidedness, rather than because of its brevity. For it happens too frequently that this historian gives us rhetoric instead of a close impartial survey of the facts; what is worse, he does not seem to find it necessary to apply his imagination to the times and circumstances which produced the facts. This is most notable, perhaps, in his account of the American Revolution. Taking the point of view of to-day, he condemns with a too easy assurance the misdeeds of England and exalts too strenuously the resistance of America. We are ready to admit that England was in the wrong, but we refuse to admit that on the one side was sheer despotism, on the other sheer love of liberty; that England was black and America was white. To present the combatants in such terms, as Mr. McCarthy does, is to translate the fierce passions of that time—passions that characterised both nations—into the loose senti-

mentalism of to-day. For it is the mode to regard America, past and present, through a rose-coloured atmosphere, and this Short History reveals its author as a devotee of the mode. Yet is he capable, upon occasion, of a brief lapse into critical anecdotes touching his idols—when the anecdotes are picturesque. He permits himself, for instance, to repeat the "absurd story" that John Adams, noblest of democrats and second President of the United States, contrived a plan to marry his daughter to the son of the King of England, and that he was only dissuaded from the project when Washington argued with a drawn sword in his hand. Mr. McCarthy would have us believe that this story is absurd, but it is not so very incredible, for the leaders of the Revolution were essentially aristocrats. Another glimpse which our historian gives us into the realities of that time is found in a description of the Second American Congress. "Governor Morris and Jay were talking over the events of the years in which they had helped to make history. 'Jay,' said Morris, 'what a set of damned scoundrels we had in that Second Congress!' 'Yes,' answered Jay, 'we had.'"

It is only by such peep-holes, so to say, that the innocent reader discovers the rough history of reality, behind the trimmed history of romance. In his story of the Revolution, however, Professor Lodge is fain to close up even the peep-holes. His narrative comes to us in two solid volumes, beautifully printed, illustrated profusely; a handsome book in all respects—except the spirit with which the author approaches his subject. This is the more regrettable because he has a notable gift of narrative, and also the enthusiasm which reinforces itself by industry. We have read his accounts of the various campaigns with unflinching interest, not only because he supplements our previous knowledge, but also because he can present his information with the broad picturesque effects which war demands from its historian. Concerning the American Revolution on its political side, however, our author is the unflinching eulogist of his country rather than the impartial historian of an important incident in the world's affairs. To set forth in detail the various points at which he has missed the English point of view, and misrepresented Englishmen, would be a task as great as it would be profitless, because the whole story is conceived in the spirit of partisanship. Unhappily that is the spirit which has dominated the presentment of this international episode by nearly all American writers, and it has found its most rampant expression in American school-books. It will take a long time, therefore, before America is able to evolve an historian who will treat the Revolution with the detached mind of Sir George Trevelyan, and it will take still longer for the American public to appreciate his merits. Henry Cabot Lodge is not that historian; he is not even a forerunner. His attitude of unrelieved contempt for England, accompanied by persistent misunderstanding or misrepresentation, is maintained not only throughout his story of the Revolution, but extends down to the spring of last year. In his final chapter, which deals with the "meaning of the American Revolution," he accuses the English nation of a systematic effort to insult and belittle the United States. The English statesmen having done their worst to bring enmity between the two countries, our author maintains that they were followed in the same path by English authors and travellers. "Mrs. Trollope and Dickens were, perhaps, the most conspicuous among those who gratified their own feelings and met their home market with descriptions of the United States and its people which left nothing offensive unsaid . . . England through her newspapers, her authors, and her magazines treated the United States systematically, so far as one could see, in a manner which, as Mr. Justice Maule said to Sir Richard Bethell, would have been an insult from God Almighty to a black beetle." That being the manner in which this historian views the relations of the two countries in the present, it is obvious that he is poorly equipped to unfold their relations in the past. Very curiously, also, he finds that this deep, unmitigated, century-long hatred which England bestowed upon America came to a sudden end in April of last year. The United States went to war with Spain; from the nations of Europe the United

States received criticism and hostility, open or disguised. "From the English-speaking people everywhere came, on the other hand, spontaneous heartfelt sympathy, and England's Government showed that the sympathy of the people was represented in her rulers." On the preceding page our author had said: "The friends of America, thus far, have never been the Government or the Ministry, or the mass of the ruling classes in England." Why this sudden conversion from the God-Almighty-to-a-black-beetle attitude to spontaneous, heartfelt sympathy? The historian does not offer any reason, and in this, at least, he shows wisdom; but his belief that the Englishman's rooted hatred of America turned to affection in a particular month of last year, is as absurd as his contention that the Americans have strenuously sought that affection, with wistful brotherliness, from Revolution times until now.

It is a distinct relief to turn from the historians who juggle with the American Revolution to the Revolution itself. This we can do in the volume edited by Mr. Hart where the story is told in vivid form, as it unfolds itself in the writings of contemporaries. There is no sophistication in these documents, culled impartially from the writings of politicians and soldiers, rebels and loyalists. They offer themselves as ironic comment upon the two historians we have just considered. In his opening chapter Professor Lodge describes, in most eloquent language, the greatness and glory of the men who constituted the first Continental Congress. Here is how John Adams, a member of the Congress, described them in his diary. "In Congress, nibbling and quibbling as usual. . . . These great wits, these subtle critics, these refined geniuses, these learned lawyers, these wise statesmen, are so fond of showing their parts and powers, as to make their consultations very tedious. Young Ned Rutledge is a perfect Bob-o-Lincoln—a swallow, a sparrow, a peacock; excessively vain, excessively weak, and excessively variable and unsteady; jejune, inane, and puerile." Then again, of the Second Continental Congress Mr. McCarthy says that "it did a great work, and on the whole it did that great work well." Here are the words of a contemporary, as written to General Washington, regarding this same Congress: "Folly, caprice, a want of foresight, comprehension, and dignity, characterise the general tenour of their actions. . . . Their conduct, with respect to the army especially is feeble, indecisive, and improvident." On the whole, we prefer to accept the testimony of Colonel Alexander Hamilton, the friend of Washington, rather than the opinion of Mr. McCarthy. And, indeed, this volume of contemporary writings may be safely commended to the English public as an excellent corrective to all sentimental histories of the American Revolution.

FROM AN ENGINEER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Hinter Pflug und Schraubstock: Skizzen aus dem Taschenbuch eines Ingenieurs," von Max Eyth. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1899. 2 vols.

MAX EYTH'S latest volumes constitute a good average sample of modern German book-making. They are not literature and do not pretend to be, although at intervals, the engineer drops into poetry (which is a signal for the judicious reader to skip), but they contain a large amount of really interesting matter dealing with interesting places and people, and as the bulk of these "note-book sketches" relate to Egypt and to England we can recommend them to English readers who want to "keep up their German" and to get a good insight into one aspect of our work at home and in Africa as seen through critical but not unfriendly German spectacles. As the readers of his previous books will remember, Herr Eyth came to England in the early sixties as an engineer in the service of a well-known Leeds firm of steam plough-makers, and for over twenty years he travelled the world as their agent. He laid the foundations of modern agriculture in Egypt in the days of Ismail; he introduced the first steam-plough that was to replace negro labour in the Southern States after the Civil War in America; he tried to introduce civilised agriculture into Russia beyond the Volga in

the seventies; he rushed from Sutherlandshire to Peru with the same object at a day's notice, and finally he settled down in the fatherland as the founder of an Agricultural Society on the model of the English. In all these years Herr Eyth has had to mix with many people of strange types and classes who by the average English employé in a similar position would probably have been lumped together simply as "foreigners." But this German writer finds them interesting and makes them interesting to us.

The first volume is worth reading for its Egyptian chapters alone. The story of how the cotton failed will be profitable for the instruction of the many enthusiastic young Englishmen in the service of Lord Cromer—we should say of the Khedive—who imagine that the fellah is anxious to be "improved." It appears that in the time of Mehmet Ali the decree went forth that Lower Egypt should be advanced by the introduction of cotton culture. No one objected—they knew better—and the new order of things was introduced. But strange to say none of the plants would thrive: seed was introduced from Nubia, from India, from America, from China: it sprouted, the seedlings flourished for a week or two, then they shrivelled and died. Rames Bey who was in charge of the cotton-growing experiment was in despair—for the Pasha would hear no excuses—till one night on going his rounds he stumbled upon a small boy with a can of soup: "What was he doing at this hour?" "Bringing his father's supper." "What was his father doing?" "It was his night on duty." Rames Bey began to think; he dismissed the boy and, following him, discovered a group of fellaheen busy among the young cotton plants, pulling each one just a little way out from its natural position—enough to kill it but not enough to betray the method of its death. The villagers did not understand the new culture. They naturally concluded that it meant some new corvée, some addition to their burdens, and so they quietly and silently decided that the plants should not thrive, and a regular system of forced labour was spontaneously organised whereby each village in turn should supply its contingent night by night during the growing season. There was weeping and wailing through those villages as the kourbash did its work for the next few days, but the cotton plants thrived in the future.

From Egypt Herr Eyth was to have gone to Assam, but did not. He remained in Egypt in the service of Halim Pasha, Mehmet's son, and there he either heard or invented—one can never be sure which, for fact is mixed with fiction throughout—some wonderful tales about the Khedivial royal family, its romances and its crimes. The stories of the cruelties of Abbas, of the sufferings and terrible revenge of Zohra, Mehmet's daughter, and of the legitimate claims of the younger branch in preference to those of the elder or Ismailian are told with exceptional power and we repeat that these chapters are well worth reading by all who are interested in Egypt. The same dramatic force comes out in the later portion of the second volume in which the story of the Tay Bridge is told—under a thin disguise—from the point of view of an engineer engaged on the doomed structure. It is naturally impossible to avoid comparison with Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Bridge Builders," for in each case the bridge grows into becoming, as it were, a part of its builder and its fate is bound up with his, but such a comparison is unfair to Herr Eyth who hardly pretends to be an artist, although by his very artlessness he sometimes contrives to produce a striking effect. He does not make his engines and his machinery and his bridges live and speak, but he does manage, in spite of the inevitable Teutonic tendency to verbosity, to make his story interesting, and, after all, that is no slight achievement.

THE REIGN OF VIOLENCE.

"La Force." Par Paul Adam. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1899.

THIS is a work of great power. Almost a great book, but not quite. There is a lack of self-restraint, an unnecessary obtrusion of the horrible which mar it as a work of art. By this we do not mean

that an author who lays his scene in a period when lust and bloodshed prevail is to omit all its repulsive features. Such books, if they are to have any resemblance to the truth, can never be food for babes, but the whole action here moves on surrounded by a reek and fume so noxious, and at times so monstrous, that it clouds the hero with a vapour of vice, quite unnecessary for the development of the plot, or the delineation of his surroundings. M. Adam is far too great an artist to need any such repulsive extravagances to advertise his work. For the same reason he could well afford to abandon once for all certain affectations of diction which he seems perversely to obtrude. "On peut tout dire dans le style simple et correct des bons auteurs." Which indeed he does, again and again. Nothing can be more simple and telling than his description of the campaign of Austerlitz, or the hero's return to his native town of Arras. Many other passages might be selected, equally eloquent and yet sober in diction, which demonstrate that his lapses into obscurity or bad taste are sins against his own great talent.

In spite of much that repels there is a stupendous energy about this story that carries on the reader, even against his will. It is not sympathy for the hero that moves us. He is a "beau sabreur" and nothing more. We defy anyone to be sorry when his legs are removed by a cannon-ball in the last chapter. He is a type of thousands who sought their fortunes in the wars of the Revolution and Empire. He is the embodiment of the violence and energy which the book is intended to picture. In him we see the "Naturmensch" engaged in his primitive occupation of rapine and slaughter. At the same time the author succeeds in bringing out with wonderful skill the subtler workings of his mind with regard to the chief, whose star he follows, and their development, till he perishes in an obscure village after the battle of Wagram.

We cannot recall any writer who has painted so vividly what must have been the real attitude of many soldiers towards Napoleon. Héricourt, the hero of this work, who had fought with Moreau at Stockach and Hohenlinden, only accepts his leadership because fame and fortune cannot be won otherwise. He cries "Vive l'Empereur" because the Emperor means glory and spoil. For the man personally "le petit homme engoncé" he has no devotion. On the contrary, Héricourt throughout feels a dull resentment against Buonaparte for his extraordinary fortune and is dreaming to the last that he also may become a Cæsar. Héricourt's entire inability to grasp the distance between himself and Napoleon is the strongest evidence of the author's skill. If we want thoroughly to comprehend the soldier of fortune, the average kind of man that followed Borgia, Wallenstein, or Murat, we have him in Héricourt. Colossal vanity, and insatiable desires distinguish them all. They are not the highest type of humanity, but to draw them to the life, as they are drawn here, wants the hand of an artist. The soldier is only the centre of a group, all depicted with equal skill. His sisters, Aurelia the woman of fashion and Caroline the woman of business, always turning an honest penny at the expense of the nation, the husband of Aurelia, Prasci-Blassans the diplomatist and Héricourt père are all living beings. They are not merely the usual lay figures of the historic novelist. With them we live and move in the early years of the Empire. All pretence of enthusiasm for Liberty had passed away. Napoleon's first proclamation to his first army, inviting them to the plunder of Italy, set the tone to the coming régime. We are made to feel here how artificial were even his allocutions to the troops. When he makes his appearance in the book it is at long intervals and for a few pages, but the author invests him with that "something dæmonic" which Goethe found in him and the impression he leaves on the reader is extraordinarily vivid, as of the Force which had seized France and was hurrying her on to some unknown destiny. The real romance of the story lies in this intimate connexion between the fate of a great man and a great nation.

Perhaps it is the contrast of a nerveless and petty public life which has goaded M. Adam to revive for his countrymen's contemplation this spectacle of the

triumph of violence. That it is a remarkable reproduction of the spirit of the time no one who has studied the period will deny. The fault we find with the author is that he has laid unnecessary stress upon the baser impulses of men and women who had as little sense of morality as the Italians of the Renaissance.

ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.

"The Book of Church Law." By the Rev. J. H. Blunt. Eighth edition. Revised by G. Edwardes Jones. London: Longmans, Green. 1899.

"Church Law." By Benjamin Whitehead. Second edition. London: Stevens and Sons. 1899.

THESE books are a timely reminder that the questions which have lately engendered so much theological heat are not the only subjects with which the ecclesiastical laws of England are concerned. Ecclesiastical parties may thunder denunciations at one another, but there is yet hope that this generation may be spared the scandal of renewed Ritual prosecutions. Meanwhile faculties have to be moved for, dilapidations enforced, and criminous clerks punished. Questions of simony, disputed rights of presentation, the interpretation of the laws of marriage and burial, continue to vex the minds of bishops and to give employment to the Courts, and the need of some guide through the tangled mazes that beset them is ever present to the bewildered cleric and the practising lawyer. In the last resort nothing is ever likely to supersede Phillimore's monumental work; but to apply its contents to any given case requires experience and legal aptitude.

Neither of the works before us is open to this criticism, but we caution the junior members of the Bar and theological disputants for whom Mr. Whitehead's compilation seems intended, that he is not to be followed when he leaves the paths of statute law for the debatable ground of doctrine and ritual. It will serve the purpose of those desirous to know the nature of a "si quis" or a "significavit." Mr. Whitehead may be trusted on deeds of relinquishment; but when he tells us (p. 243) that "there is a strong wish in some quarters at the present time to return to the barbaric splendour of mediæval Christianity, and there are now in existence some Church of England places of worship into which the vast majority of the members of the Church of England cannot conscientiously enter," he commits not merely an ineptitude but, in a law book, an impertinence. 1552 is given (p. 319) as the date of the Prayer Book of Elizabeth, and tithe described (p. 299) as "a state endowment of the Christian religion which was intended to be mainly devoted to the relief of the poor," a Liberationist fallacy which has been exposed over and over again. This lawyer dubs the use of the pastoral staff at "any Prayer Book service" illegal, and ignorantly states (p. 329) that the Welsh language is required by law to be used in the Church services throughout the whole of Wales. Altogether there is a cocksureness about the work suggestive of a Church Association broadside rather than a legal treatise.

Dr. Blunt's Book of Church Law has been too long before the world to require detailed notice, and the eighth edition, revised this time without the aid of Sir Walter Phillimore, brings it up to date. After all, the historic method has advantages over the alphabetic, and we know no work of similar bulk where the position of the Church of England and the legal rights and duties of her clergy and laity are so clearly expounded. Never has a sound grasp of Church history in its legal aspect been more necessary, for if the floodgates of litigation are once more opened, there will be a sifting of historical evidence and ecclesiastical antiquities hitherto unknown to the Courts. The archiepiscopal decision in the Lincoln case upset many preconceived notions, but the Privy Council's judgment on appeal brought the whole law into the crucible by declaring that the rules of finality, applicable to its decisions in relation to rights of property, are not equally binding where ritual and ecclesiastical practice are concerned, and depended to some extent upon the accuracy of historic investigations. In view of the momentous questions with which the Courts are threatened, it is

to be regretted that the trained school of civilians, which lasted from the Reformation till the dissolution of Doctors' Commons, is all but extinct. The lawyers trained in the Ritual prosecutions are mostly dead or on the Bench, and we look anxiously for their successors. In quiet times this field is too barren of reward to make it worth while for men in good practice to specialise there. The argument, in the absence of Sir Walter Phillimore, will be left to the leaders of the Common Law or Equity Bar, theoretically doctores utriusque juris, but practically dependent on the coaching of their juniors, and with one or two distinguished exceptions there are few men in stuff gowns capable of affording it. The outlook is not a promising one, and we should not be surprised to see clerical canonists following the precedent of Archbishop Thomson and Bishop Mackarness, and arguing their cases in person.

THE VALLEY OF LIGHT.

"The Valley of Light. Studies with pen and pencil in the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont." By W. Basil Worsfold. London: Macmillan. 1899.

BOOKS in the form of a series of letters are rarely satisfactory, unless the personality of the recipient is practically ignored, or else is brought vividly before the reader. Judged by this standard, the author gives us too much or too little of "Sybil" in the passages from her letters, which he quotes to her in his own, for our benefit. He has nevertheless written a most charming book of mingled travel and history. Mr. Worsfold has, we think wisely, quoted largely from his authorities, generally giving the accounts of the persecutions, massacres, and skirmishes, in the words of contemporary chroniclers, but he has given ample proof in the story of the glorious return of the 700 under Arnaud and Janavel in 1689 and elsewhere that he can, when he chooses, bring past events most vividly before us with his own pen. Indeed, it is impossible to read half a dozen pages without realising the deep insight and loving sympathy with which the author treats his subject, whether he is describing the scenery of the valleys, or relating the deeds of heroism of which they have been the theatre. And there is scarcely a hamlet or a mountain pass visited that does not recall some such deed worthy to be rescued from oblivion.

"Looking across the valley I could see directly in front of me the line of grey walls which now mark the site of the Castle of La Tour. It was from this spot that the signal was given for the massacre. When the first red light of dawn had appeared over the plain, before the answering flush had glowed upon the snowy summits of the Alps, the bell of Fort St. Mary gave the signal. I could fancy how the calm morning air shivered at the sharp strokes of the hammer; how the resonant notes spread eastward over the plain, how they passed westward up the valley till they recoiled from the Alpine wall, and how they floated northward over the tree-clad hollows of the Valley of Angrogna till they touched the stately heights which encircle the Pra del Torno.

"Suddenly from across the silent valley came the deep resonant tones of a bell.

"It was a mere coincidence. It was, in fact, the bell of the Roman church tolling the hour of vespers; but coming as it did, at this very moment when my mind was full of the grim story of this Easter massacre, it produced a weird sense of dread. When it stopped I seemed to be hearing the last long-drawn vibrating note of the Castle bell on that morning of blood: to feel the grim stillness into which the startled air settled for a moment, and then—to see tongues of red flame and curling wreaths of smoke upon the mountain sides, to hear cries of astonishment and shrieks of terror, hoarse shouts, wanton laughter, and the crack of muskets, and I seemed to know how that morning broke upon the Valley of Light."

Dwellers on the plains have ever found it a hard task to subjugate their neighbours in the hills, or to impose on them customs, laws, or religion, other than their own. The tablets from Nineveh recording the frequent punitive expeditions of the great King against the Nairi or Armenians, with the attendant impalements and slayings

alive, testify to this, as in more modern times do the histories of the Basques, of the Scottish Highlanders of the last century, and of the Pathans of to-day. But never surely was a sturdier resistance offered than by the Vaudois. From the edict of Otho IV. published in 1209 in which he authorised the Archbishop of Turin to "destroy the Vaudois of Piedmont by force of arms" till the glorious return of the 700 peasants under Arnaud and Janavel in 1689, not a century passed without Bull edict or order from Pope, Emperor, or King, being promulgated for their utter extermination. Nevertheless they escaped, and one cannot wonder that they attributed their escape to direct Divine interposition.

The numerous illustrations by the author are a great addition to the volume. The sketches of the church at Coppiere and of the Balsille are gems.

NOVELS.

"Swallow: a Tale of the Great Trek." By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans, Green. 1899.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, for purposes of romance, is on his native heath in South Africa. In "Swallow" he has come appreciably near to repeating the success of "King Solomon's Mines." That he has not actually achieved a like triumph is due to the almost entire absence from its pages of any gleam of humour. Mr. Haggard is, indeed, in grim earnest. He plunges from sensation to sensation, from superstition to superstition, from witchery to witchery, from tragedy to tragedy with a reckless indifference to the feelings of his reader. No doubt he would defend his method of depicting the thrilling adventures of Ralph Kensie and Suzanne, the wondrous achievements of Sihamba, and the brutal plottings of Swart Piet on the ground that the story purports to be told by Vrouw Botmar, to whom humour would have appeared little short of sacrilege. Vrouw Botmar, her Christianity notwithstanding, is a law unto herself and to those about her: it is a little hard on the reader that she should be a law unto him also. Mr. Haggard cannot, however, be permitted to shelter himself under her wing in another matter. Here and there he lapses into meretricious artifice in order to secure a maximum amount of sensational effect. The Vrouw's methods of narration would acquire verisimilitude if she were less cognisant of some of the tricks of cheap melodrama. Still the book has distinct merits whether considered as a romance or judged as the presentation of a period in South African history. Mr. Haggard generally succeeds in lending an air of possibility to the most wildly improbable situation. His characters, Boer, British and Kaffir, live. To the student of colonial questions, "Swallow" should appeal in some measure on account of the insight it affords into the causes and character of the trek to which the Boers were driven by British colonial maladministration sixty years ago. The hardships they were prepared to face in the wilderness, rather than endure the wrongs which the British Government inflicted with the very best intentions in the world, are indicated unobtrusively, but with all the more force, because Mr. Rider Haggard's sympathies are not pro-Boer to-day.

"La Strega, and other Stories." By Ouida. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

The guardsmen have gone from Ouida for good and all, or Ouida has gone from them; their feats of strength and skill, and their simple amours that shocked the decorous seventies, are no more, but Puck and the Dog of Flanders have their apostolic successors, on a small scale, while constables of all countries with bludgeon and pistol, hold the place of Strathmore and Bertie. Sooth to say, "La Strega," the first of seven short tales, the best foot dexterously put foremost, boasts neither policeman nor dog, but is a story full of life, movement, and all the picturesque quality of which Ouida is past-mistress, while its sadness is none the less moving because it is not laboured. The others, with "El Brug" perhaps second best, are good stories too, up to a certain point, but the pathos is often cheaper, the sentimentality more obvious, although of

the living sympathy with suffering man and beast-life there is no question. In five out of the half-dozen tales that follow "La Strega" the police are upon us, police of England, of Italy, of France; always unjust, always harsh, always Jacks-in-office, except perhaps in the last tale where they get no show worth mentioning. Of dogs there are two, Ruff, the Toby of a Punch and Judy show, and Toto, a humble Parisian's Newfoundland that has saved not one but two lives from drowning. Ruff has his brains beaten out by a British constable, Toto's are blown out by a brigadier. Ruff's master drowns himself at Christchurch; Toto's dies on the pavement, outside his own front-door. Thus there is variety in what the title-page tells us, with unblushing candour, are true tales of humble lives.

"The Pride of Life." By Sir William Magnay, Bart. London: Smith, Elder. 1899.

In "The Pride of Life" Sir William Magnay has conceived a plot charged with dramatic and startling possibilities. The work recalls the sensational novels of some five and twenty years ago, and should prove everything that is desirable to the voracious readers of this sort of romance. Most types of society, from peers to prize-fighters, are represented. The story hinges on the suspicions cast upon the Earl of Arrandale concerning the murder of one of his tenants, and his trial, treated with considerable ingenuity, is not the least effective incident in the story. Lord Arrandale is one of those men whose selfishness and love of ease impel them to ignore and neglect their most obvious duties; yet the severe ordeal through which he has to pass gradually builds up in him the moral strength which is the making of a man. But there is something lacking in the novel; the author is more at home in the narration of a vigorous story and the conception of telling situations than in the delineation of the finer and more subtle gradations of character.

"Harry Ingleby, Surgeon." By Frederic J. Webb. London: Fisher Unwin. 1898.

Mr. Webb introduces his reader to the hospital life, of which he appears to have had some experience. There is practically no plot in "Harry Ingleby, Surgeon," which is chiefly concerned with the rivalry of Harry Ingleby and Egbert Denham, who are both in love with May Golding. Mr. Webb's medical students are cheery and thoughtless beings possessed by considerable, if somewhat crude, enthusiasm: young men of superabundant spirits; whose wit is more frequent than brilliant; whose conversation is usually a medley of inconsequent nonsense; to whom most things are either "awfully jolly" or "damned awkward"—sometimes both. The immature loves of hospital students do not offer the most effective medium for treatment; they become exceedingly tedious when the female characters belong to the order of the cheap novelette.

"The Black Prophet, a Tale of Irish Famine." By William Carleton. (Reprint.) London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1899.

To this reprint of "The Black Prophet," Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue contributes a brief but pointed introduction. To many of the present generation the name of William Carleton will be perhaps little more than an empty sound. "No one who does not know the things he tells, knows Ireland" has been said of Carleton, as Mr. O'Donoghue reminds us. It is no exaggerated praise that "in no other Irish stories can such deep human interest, such mingled humour and pathos, irresistibly spontaneous and true, such masterly knowledge of the Irish peasantry, be met with." Mr. O'Donoghue expresses surprise that a book which met with such success in its day should ever have been allowed to fall out of circulation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Land of the Pygmies." By Captain Guy Burrows. London: C. A. Pearson. 1898.

The Congo Free State is still the land in Africa of most glaring contradictions. It is the country concerning which the most precise and detailed information is obtainable, and the wildest myths are rife. According to the champions of the State, its prospects are brighter, its administrative successes are greater, and its financial position is more assured than those of

any other region of tropical Africa. But, according to its detractors, the Congo basin is now in a worse state than when ruled by the Arab slavers; its population is dwindling and vast tracts of land are passing out of cultivation. We are assured that the Free State is bankrupt from reckless waste of its methods, and is dying from the rottenness of its selfish government. Both stories cannot be true, so we turn with interest to Captain Burrows' account of his three years' work in the north-eastern part of the Congo Free State, one of the least known and most difficult regions of the country. The book is short, and gives a simple, straightforward account of the author's experiences, and of the tribes and countries through which he travelled. There is much information about the natives, but the account of the pygmies is disappointing, as the new information is unimportant and some of the old information erroneous. The illustrations are numerous and often admirable; but the portrait on page 37 does not inspire confidence in their reliability. The book is, therefore, of little anthropological or scientific value, and is mainly of interest where it enables a reader to form his own estimate of the condition of the country. We would gladly have exchanged the portrait of the author, which serves as frontispiece, for an index and a map. The most striking chapter in the book is Mr. Stanley's introduction, in which the founder of the Congo Free State protests against the attacks which the British press has for years made against it. "English opposition," he says, "has been strenuous and untiring. The English would have nothing to do with the Congo themselves, they were averse from recognising the Portuguese claims, the French were denounced for coveting it, and the efforts of the Belgians to improve the portion allotted to them by the Berlin Conference have been always discouraged and followed by ominous prediction. I can make nothing of this temper, because it is so unreasonable and so unjustifiable, and I cannot even guess as to what the British press would wish to have done to the Congo. It would scarcely suit the English to have it transferred to France, Germany, or to Portugal." The present condition of things in the Free State, however, is far from satisfactory, owing to causes which Captain Burrows' book may assist to make clear.

"The Art Journal" for March contains an interesting notice by Mr. S. A. Strong of a picture at Wilton House, a "Temptation of St. Anthony," formerly ascribed to Correggio. Mr. Strong, for good reasons, assigns it to Lotto, and in his close-packed article makes it the text for some general reflections on that painter and his tendency. The aim of the discourse overshoots the text, as is not uncommon, vide the description of the family portrait in the National Gallery; but the article is of a kind more common in the more serious foreign art journals than in the popular English variety. In another article some account is given by Mr. Sherard of Louis Anquetin, the most interesting figure in recent French painting, and illustrations of his work are given. "The Magazine of Art" shows some reproductions of anatomical casts of animals for the use of artists prepared by Mr. H. W. Armstead. The skin and some of the fat tissues and shields are removed so as to reveal more clearly the bony and muscular structure. The most attractive article in the latest number of "The Studio" is an illustrated description of the Passmore Edwards settlement in Tavistock Place, a building designed by Messrs. Dunbar Smith and Cecil Brewer, and a characteristic example of what may be called arts and crafts architecture. "The Studio" continues to pour forth illustrations of such art, good and bad, this month giving us some queer echoes from Vienna. "The Architectural Review" has a well-illustrated article on the interesting early Renaissance chapel of St. Peter the Martyr in the cathedral of Sant' Eustorgio, Milan, by Signor Melani. Another article gives an object lesson in the conservative restoration of buildings by an account of the methods employed on an old manor-house near Aylesbury by Mr. Detmar Blow; and Sir Reginald Palgrave, in a third, disputes the accepted view as to the site of King Charles I.'s scaffold.

"The Selected Examples of Decorative Art from South Kensington" for March (Longmans and Co.) include woodcarvings, gesso-work, stone carving, leather work, some interesting examples of pastoral staves, a bronze inkstand of the Florentine cinquecento, a fine Venetian velvet brocade of the same date, and some other miscellaneous objects.

Messrs. Frost and Reed (Bristol) send us some specimens of a series of etched plates with letterpress ("The Church Towers of Somerset"). The etchings, by Miss E. Piper, are sufficiently careful to give some idea of the character of these towers, but not remarkable artistically.

We may notice here a pamphlet issued by the Fine Art Society and entitled "Practical Hints for the Protection and Preservation of Paintings and Drawings" by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The warnings and instructions as to framing, hanging and cleaning contained in this short treatise ought to be widely circulated among the too careless owners of priceless works of art.

"The Butterfly" has emerged. But is it a butterfly? Aurelians who have long watched a chrysalis, and have seen emerge not a gay butterfly, but a crew of little ugly flies, will sympathise with the readers of the "Butterfly" magazine. Butterflies, it is true, are idle, little and weak, but they are also

graceful, bright and beautiful. Why omit all the good points? If we said that Max's caricature is the only contribution that has any force in it whatever, in us it would be put down to natural affection, but such is the fact. The magazine has a good name; but the omen is two-faced. Butterflies, as entomologists know, are "perfect," but they are shortlived and they do not grow.

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for 1 March, there is an article of peculiar significance at the present moment dealing with the Chinese problem. For Englishmen, it is not pleasant reading. M. Leroy-Beaulieu represents English influence at Peking as virtually supplanted by that of Russia. Possibly the English reader will lay to his soul the flattering unctious that a Frenchman would not be inclined just now to minimise Russian influence.

So far, one of the most interesting facts of the present season of book-sales has been the rapidly-increasing values of the various Kelmescott Press publications. No recent investment in books has proved so profitable. A complete set now realises about three times the amount of the original subscription price. The Kelmescott Chaucer is perhaps the triumph of the Press, and this was issued at 20 guineas. A month ago, at Sotheby's, a copy was sold for 44*l.*: last Saturday another copy fetched 50*l.* 10*s.* The earlier sale comprised a complete set of the Kelmescott Press books, and the prices then realised were generally regarded as the final record for these books, but many of them were exceeded within a fortnight afterwards.

For This Week's Books see page 316.

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DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

DEAR SIR.—The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for January, 1899, which shows a total profit of £23,710 14s. 10d.:

MINE.

Number of Feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes .. 300 feet.
Quartz Mined 20,845 tons.
Quartz on hand, at Surface, 31st January 612 tons.

MILL.

Number of Days (24 hours) working 120 Stamps 29½ days.
Tons Crushed 17,072 tons.
Tons Crushed per Stamp, per 24 hours 5'064 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 8,036 ozs. 0 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold 6,969'240 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold 7'887 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons Sands and Concentrates Treated 14,608 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 3,737 ozs. 5 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold 3,111'423 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold 4'259 dwts.
Working Cost per Ton 2s. 8'357d.

SLIMES WORKS.

Tons Slimes Treated 2,544 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 357 ozs. 13 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold 295'077 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold 3'319 dwts.
Working Cost per Ton 3s. 11'990d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 17,672 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

To	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£9,831 16 3	£0 11 1'523
" Drifts and Winzes	1,041 14 2	0 1 2'147
" Crushing and Sorting	921 6 6	0 1 0'512
" Transport	353 13 0	0 0 4'938
" Milling	2,436 6 0	0 2 9'086
" Cyanide	1,969 10 4	0 2 3'747
" Slimes	308 14 1	0 0 6'998
" General Charges	2,518 4 0	0 2 10'199
" Additions to Plant	536 14 7	0 0 7'289
Total	£20,127 18 11	1 2 9'349
" Profit for the Month	23,710 14 10	1 6 10'015
Total	£43,838 13 9	£2 9 7'364

REVENUE.

By	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Accounts—		
" 6,969'240 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill ..	£29,446 5 8	£1 13 3'904
" 3,111'423 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works ..	13,145 14 1	0 14 10'529
" 295'077 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works ..	1,246 14 0	0 1 4'931
Total	£43,838 13 9	£2 9 7'364

The Tonnage mined for month was 20,845 tons, cost £10,022 12 9 = £0 9 7'396 per ton

Drifts and Winzes Expenses cost 1,041 14 2

Less quantity added to Stock 20,845 tons .. 11,064 6 11 .. 396 .. cost 190 16 6

Less waste rock sorted out 20,449 .. 10,873 10 5 .. 2,777 ..

Total 17,672 .. 10,873 10 5 = £0 12 3'671 per ton

The declared output was 12,120'000 ozs. bullion = 10,375'740 ozs. fine gold. And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—11'742 dwts.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

7TH LEVEL—	ft. in.
Driving on Main Reef Leader, West	27 0
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	35 0
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	35 0
Sinking Winzes	2 0
9TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	85 0
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	82 0
Sinking Winzes	109 0
10TH LEVEL—	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	12 0
Sinking Winzes	12 0
Total	399 0

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 17,712 tons. During the month 2,777 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 22 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 13'580 per cent. of the total rock handled.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, February 8, 1899.

BONANZA, LIMITED.**Capital - - - - £200,000.****MANAGER'S REPORT****FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1899.**

MINE.			
Number of feet driven, risen and sunk exclusive of stopes	360 feet
Ore and waste mined	...	7,918 tons	
Less waste sorted out	...	2,230 "	
Balance sent to mill	...	5,688 tons	
Percentage of South Reef mined	...	57.89 per cent.	
" Main Reef Leader mined	...	42.11 "	
Waste sorted	...	28.16 "	
MILL.			
Stamps	...	40	
Running time	...	29.31 days	

Tons milled	...	5,688 tons
Ore left in Mill Bins	...	158 "
Smelted gold bullion	...	5,196.85 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	...	4,417.3 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion	...	3,040 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	...	2,584 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources	...	7,001.3 ozs.
" " " per ton milled	...	24.6 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.*On a basis of 5,688 Tons Milled.*

	£	s.	d.	s.	d.	Value.	Value per Ton.
						£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses	3,078	17	10	10	9.91		
Crushing and Sorting	548	14	1	1	11.15		
Milling	1,062	9	4	3	8.81		
Cyaniding, Sands	1,160	8	10	4	0.96		
" Slimes	584	8	11	2	0.66		
Head Office	169	17	11	0	7.17		
	£6,604	16	11	£1	3 2.66		
Development Redemption, 5,688 tons at 6s. 3d. per ton	1,777	10	0	6	3.00		
	8,382	6	11	1	9 5.66		
Profit	21,023	5	5	3	13 11.06		
	£29,405	12	4	£5	3 4.72		
						£29,405 12 4	£5 3 4.72

By Mill Gold: 4,417.338 ozs. fine gold valued at	18,552	16	4	3	5 2.80
By Cyanide Gold: 2,584 ozs. fine gold valued at	10,852	15	0	1	18 1.92

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the month of January is as follows:

Development	...	£2,416	6	5
Less Development Redemption charged under working costs...	...	2,416	6	5
		1,777	10	0
		£638	16	5

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY READJUSTMENT.

To the HOLDERS of the following BONDS and STOCK:—

- Central Pacific Railroad Company of California First Mortgage Bonds, Series A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I.
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- California and Oregon Railroad Company and Central Pacific Railroad Company, successor, First Mortgage Bonds, Series A and B.
- Central Pacific Railroad Company (San Joaquin Valley Branch) First Mortgage Bonds.
- Central Pacific Railroad Company Land Bonds.
- Central Pacific Railroad Company Fifty-year Six per Cent. Bonds.
- Central Pacific Railroad Company Fifty-year Five per Cent. Bonds.
- Central Pacific Railroad Company Common Stock.

The undersigned, pursuant to the Plan and Agreement for the Readjustment of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, dated February 8th, 1899, hereby give notice that the time for further deposits of the above-named Bonds and stock has been fixed and limited to March 23rd, 1899, after which date deposits of said Bonds and Stock will be accepted (if at all) only upon such terms and conditions as the undersigned may impose.

Copies of the Agreements with the United States and the Southern Pacific

Company, as well as of the Plan and Agreement of Readjustment, and also any further information desired, may be obtained at the Offices of any of the undersigned.

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TO THE HOLDERS OF MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY FOUR PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE BONDS.

The Directors of the Mexican Central Railway Securities Company (Limited) announce that the DEPOSITS of the above-mentioned BONDS have been so large as to ensure the success of this Company. They have accordingly proceeded to allot the Securities of this Company.

Mexican Central Bondholders who have not already deposited may still join this Company, the date for receiving Bonds without penalty having been EXTENDED UP TO AND INCLUDING WEDNESDAY, the 15th MARCH, 1899, AFTER WHICH DATE BONDS WILL ONLY BE RECEIVED UPON TERMS TO BE HEREAFTER ANNOUNCED.

By Order of the Board,

FREDK. M. SPANKIE, Secretary.

3 Gracechurch Street, E.C., London, 6th March, 1899.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by FREDERICK DUNCAN WALKER, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 11 March, 1899.